# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## SABBATH MUSINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

The earth is full of loveliness,
And Nature's choral tune,
With thrilling bursts of melody,
Has welcomed in the June!
Yet sitting by the casement low,
My heart is far away;—
Oh, darling! darling! think of me,
This pleasant Sabbath day!

The hill-side grass is growing green,
And like a voiceless prayer,
The opening buds their incense fling
On the enchanted air.
The winds are singing to the waves,
In such a loving way:
Oh, darling! darling! think of me,
This peaceful Sabbath day!

The pictures that my eyes behold
Are full of love and bliss;
The laughing waters change to gold
Beneath the sunbeams kiss.
The trees by some sweet miracle
Are clothed in bright array,—
Oh, darling! darling! think of me,
This blessed Sabbath day!

Dear heart! the woods and waves rejoice,
Yet all the weary while,
I miss thy tender, tender voice,
I miss thy loving smile!
I think of all we used to be,
Of all we had to say;—
Oh, darling! darling! think of me,
This holy Sabbath day!

## JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I have had a great deal of time to myself since Mr. Chester has been here, and have spent it, as usual, in the little porch-room. I have leisure now, after the strange, wild tumult in which the last few weeks have been lived through, to sit down quietly, and take a retrospective view of affairs, and to determine what shall be my future. Aunt Lotty says I must stay with her, and we must live out our quiet Dormer lives together.

After a storm comes a calm. So says the proverb, and so nature teaches us; and truly there has come a lull to this house after the late exciting events and troublous experiences through which we have passed. Some call life a lottery, and speak of Fortune's wheel turning up blanks for some, and prizes for others. It may be a good simile, but I have ever preferred likening life to a game of backgammon, the board being placed before one, and free-will and destiny together working out the problem of success.

Skill is our own, to wield as best we may; but throws are for us or against us, as the case may be, and skill will not entirely overcome them. And so it seems to me that in life, our power, our genius, call it what we will, commands our destinies to a certain extent; yet ever against this power or genius, time, chance, and circumstances over which we have no control, are being shaken in the dice-box, and we cannot calculate what they may turn out. Perhaps, somewhat like the immortal Vicar, we find, if we only want a "quatre," that we "throw a deuce-ace five times running."

I have always felt, when any matter has been brought to a conclusion, that I have made a point in my table, and that there it would remain, waiting the end of the game to be thrown off.

Many points have been made during the last few weeks. The dice have determined them without much effort on my own part, and now I sit dreamily, with an imaginary dice-box in my hand, wondering what throw will come out next. Four and two is the ordinary Dormer luck.

So I sit, half thinking over the late throws, and half calculating the future, trying to bring both together, and so to equalize and realise them. For I feel that I have made a step forward, and am fast advancing towards the Age of Faith.

I have seen the past slip away, and become as a dream—as a beautiful story that, once told, lives for ever in the memory, and has its influence, inasmuch as it cannot be forgotten. One smiles as one looks back upon the strange jumble that makes the antecedent of many a quiet life, such as I know mine is destined to be; for what can be more natural and Dormer-like than that Aunt Lotty and I should live in peace and prosperity all our days at Green Oake? Just like the ending of a little moral story-book.

Yes, reality is coming upon me, and the Age of Faith, for which I am not wholly unprepared, despite Aunt Letheby's railings against my father for allowing me to cram "heaps upon heaps of rubbish," as she termed it, into my brain.

Oh! those heaps upon heaps, how thankful I am for them now! I don't believe in keeping children from feeding among such rare pasturage as I fed in. They gain in those tender years what can never be gained afterwards—a living, loving faith in literature; they realise it without understanding it; they figuratively clasp the author's hand in theirs, firmly believing every word he tells them, and that his characters are real and not mythical. "Founded on fact" is a phrase they utterly ignore. Fact, and nothing but fact, is their belief. Then, again, children never think of authors as dead; they are ever alive to them, speaking to them through their own stories. I never thought of Goldsmith as dead. I believed the odd, kindly genius to be still wandering about, and able to give the latest information of the Primrose family, with whom I was on intimate terms, feeling as though I had been present at the green spectacle bargain, and had munched gingerbread with the "chubby rogues" on Mr. Burchell's knees. And secretly in my heart I was always sorry that Olivia had not married the baronet, though I have since come to see that Goldsmith managed it better than I should have done. Shakespeare and his friends—Swift with Stella and Vanessa—Cowper in his scarlet mantle being drawn to school, were still in a certain sense living presences. And moving in the same orbit shone out Gil Blas, in his doublet and short cloak and rapier, and all the donnas of the story, and Scipio, Diego, the old negro, the robbers, and the alguazils took their places as actual living beings. And from Gil Blas, and the robbers' cave, and the ruby of the Philippine Islands, it was easy to journey back to older times (though they were no older to me, for I had but one cycle, and peopled it indiscriminately); and then I saw by moonlight the fair Alhambra palace, made ever more real in that I had touched a carven morsel of it that had been sent from Spain. And then Moors, Spaniards, and Isabella faded away, and left me deep in the "Arabian Nights." And then I wept over the story of La Roche, or found myself at the theatre with Evelina and her vulgar relatives, and saw the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, Colman, Otway, Cibber, and a host of others played out before me. Buonaparte was one of my heroes then, and I held Corporal Trim in no light estimation.

All these and many others of a like character filled their niches in my Wonder Age, and stepping down, performed many a masque for my edification. Such masques as only such a childhood can conjure up. Such pictures as such a childhood only can look back upon, for older hands would fail in harmonising the motley colors. Gorgeous in all their brilliant tints, rich in the fairest lights and darkest shades; storm, sunshine, green pastures and peaceful rivers all blent in one wonderful landscape that is of earth and yet has lost its earthliness. Or it all comes before me now like some prize essay from the pen of an admirable Crichton, taking in the genius of the writers of the past, and weaving strength, beauty, humor, pathos, into one splendid poem that is for ever sounding in my ears.

Yes, I feel its influence upon my life, my thoughts, my feelings, that no after study would ever give me. True, I may half forget it, but there will be the lingering music ready to start into life if one should touch the right chord. Then long unthought of harmonies will sweep across my heart, and I shall drink of a cup refilled with nectar from the vintage of the Wonder Age.

But why am I thinking of all this to-day? What makes me look back, stretching out my hands to the past? Is it that I would dream one more dream of romance ere I settle down quietly to the life that I see before me?

The spring is almost here, and it will steal on quietly and swiftly to throw itself into the arms of summer, and when the summer comes, Doris will go. She and Mr. Chester are to be married then, and go to Italy, and my story will be over, and I scarcely think I shall have the heart to begin another.

I am sorry for Mr. Lynn; the link that bound him to his first wife is severed by this late counter revelation.

It was a terrible shock to him to find that Doris was not his child, I could perceive that, though he strove to conceal how deeply he felt Mr. Carmichael's cruel deception. I had broken it to him as gently as I could.

"Mr. Lynn," I said, "I have come to speak to you upon a sorrowful matter, something connected with the death of Mr. Carmichael."

"If there is anything in which I can be of use to you or to your aunt, pray let me know," he answered, his thoughts taking a direction quite away from himself.

"There is nothing, Mr. Lynn; though there is a request, a favor I shall beg of you when I have told you what I have to say."

I paused, and he waited for me to begin; but it required some courage, and mine was beginning to ooze away. My heart was beating so fast that I could almost hear it, and my lips trembled so that it seemed to me I should not be able to pronounce a single word distinctly enough to be understood.

At length I spoke,

"There was something upon Mr. Carmichael's mind when he died—something that he wished to tell you of, if he had had the power—something for which he would have asked your forgiveness, but it was too late."

"Yes."

"I know now what that something was, that weighed so heavily upon him in his dying moments."

Mr. Lynn was silent, he waited for me to continue.

And then I began to be a coward. How could I tell him what I knew, and dash away the cup of comfort from his lips?

And still he waited. Then I debated in my own mind how to break the disappointing intelligence to him. And the longer I waited, the more cowardly I became. I had no diplomatic skill to break the tidings skillfully; I could not lead him step by step up a ladder of suspense, stabbing his heart at every forward motion, a cruel, lingering way of telling a hard truth that has to be known; for the heart knows that there is more to learn, and waits in mute agony for the final blow. No, anything is better than suspense. Better to learn one's misery at once, better at once to feel the sore sharp wound than to watch in sickening apprehension the sharpening of the knife that is to make it.

I don't think I thought all this at the time, but somehow it came into my heart how I should like to be dealt with myself in such a case, and acting on the impulse of the moment I said,—

"Mr. Carmichael has deceived you; Doris is not the daughter of his sister."

Mr. Lynn looked at me as though he did not comprehend what I was saying.

"Doris," I went on, "is the daughter of the French lady who died at sea. Your own child was the one who perished."

Still Mr. Lynn made no answer, but looked at me.

"Your little child died sleeping on its mother's breast, her arms were round it; her lips kissed it to its wakeless rest. It never knew care nor sorrow. Oh! do not grieve over it, Mr. Lynn."

I was half crying myself. Why did Mr. Chester ask me to do this?

At last Mr. Lynn spoke.

"Thank you, Miss Dormer, for taking this errand upon yourself. From no one could the words have come with less pain."

And then I fairly sobbed, and perhaps that was the best thing I could do, for it roused Mr. Lynn and gave another turn to his thoughts.

"You said you had a request to make; what is it?"

I had forgotten it, but now it darted into my mind.

"Poor Aunt Lotty," said I, "she does not know how her husband has sinned. She has always been deceived in him."

Would Mr. Lynn understand me? Yes, he understood me, and he answered,—

"Your aunt shall never know the truth from me."

I placed Doris's packet in his hands, and then I went away.

As I went I mused how sorrow seems to come to some and not to others. How some lives seem blighted at every turn, whilst others are so brimful of happiness.

They say that if we take one life with another, that we shall find happiness and misery pretty equally divided throughout the world. But this is a proposition the truth of which I have not perhaps fairly investigated, and so I will not decidedly pronounce upon it; still I may remark that at present I do not believe in it. Perhaps I may think differently when I am safely moored in the Age of Faith, for then I may see with other eyes, but at present my eyesight fails me; it may be a mental near-sightedness that will wear off and leave me with clearer vision as time wears on.

Just as I reached the hall-door, Archie and Ernie ran after me. They wanted to know where Doris was, and when she was coming to see them. And as I looked upon their bright, happy faces, I prophesied a fair future for Mr. Lynn in spite of his present sorrow. Yet what a pity it is that Doris is not their sister, and cannot take care of them. Still that would have been only for a time, for in the summer Doris would leave them. Yes, in the summer Doris and Mr. Chester will have gone, and perhaps I may never see them again. They are neither kith nor kin to any of us at Craythorpe, but have been drifted into the current and floated along with us for a time; but our way is not their way, and soon they will sail away.

And the last page of my book will record the marriage of my hero and heroine; my romance will be brought to a close; my dream will be ended; and I, Joyce Dormer, shall awake to matter-of-fact life once more, such as I used to lead at Credlington.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

"For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

And having written this down, I paute to collect my ideas. I thought it would be so easy to write down everything just as it happened; but now it seems to me that all is confusion, and I know not where or how to begin. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely hold my pen, and the letters run into one another and are misshapen. How foolish I am! Is happiness so much harder to bear than sorrow? Sometimes I think it is; for sorrow is a stern disciplinarian, and teaches one to obey orders. Sorrow keeps one in file, and so one marches on and on with the same monotonous tread, never breaking the ranks.

But happiness is an easy, careless general, who gives no strict commands, and makes life light service to us; yet perhaps not quite so safe, as we are more off our guard when we need to be keeping a watchful look-out. Not that I have had much sorrow, but somehow there has been a weight upon me these last few months. I was trying to get rid of it, and I should have done so in time, but now that it is suddenly lifted off without any effort of my own, I feel as if I had not been brave enough—as if I ought to have dashed the weight to the ground long ago by my own strength. Perhaps, however, I cannot realise how great a weight it was, now that my happiness has cast it away. I feel now as if I had been crushed down too much by it, and that it took too firm a hold upon me. And so I have sunk in my own estimation, and see that I, Joyce Dormer, am a poor weak character, not fitted to battle with the world. And yet I did my best,—my best! Ah, that is the mortification, to think that my best was no better.

How surprised Aunt Lotty will be when she knows what has happened; but she cannot be more surprised than I was when Mr. Chester told me.

And now I think the clouds are clearing away from my mental vision, and I can note down with more precision events as they happened.

Doris and Mr. Chester were in Mr. Carmichael's study. Not that I knew they were there, or I should not have gone in. I thought they had walked over to Lyncourt again; for Mr. Lynn seems able to talk to Doris about his first wife more freely than before this last revelation came to our knowledge. They have both received a shock through it, and can, perhaps, the better sympathise on that account.

I wanted a book, so I went in, and there I found Doris and Mr. Chester.

"Oh, Joyce!" said Doris, "you are the very person we were talking about. Gabriel wants to speak to you about something."

Mr. Chester looked very much confused, and I could see that he was not altogether pleased with Doris's speech, neither was I; but no one can guard against Doris's odd speeches, and I am beginning to get accustomed to them. Therefore I answered,—

"Some other time will do for that, Doris. I want a book now."

For I could see that Mr. Chester was annoyed. But Doris only laughed, and said that there was no time like the present; "and as it is half about myself, Joyce, I have a right to command Gabriel to tell you when I please."

And before I could make any reply she had darted out of the room, and left me standing by the bookshelves, and Mr. Chester opposite to me.

I think we both felt very uncomfortable, still I determined not to show it: so I sat down and said very quietly,—

"I am ready to hear anything you wish to say about Doris."

Mr. Chester did not seem as if he had anything particular to say, or at any rate as if he particularly wished to say it; for he made no answer, and evidently did not know how to begin the subject.

I tried to think what it could possibly be, in order to help him, and then it flashed upon me that it must be something about the wedding; so I said, "I think it is about your marriage, Mr. Chester; perhaps you would wish it to take place sooner than you think Aunt Lotty would like after her husband's death. But, I am sure, in this case, Aunt Lotty would make no objection to anything you proposed. I think I can undertake any negotiation with her that you and Doris may wish. Please let me know if there is anything in which I can be of use."

I think my long speech had a beneficial effect, for Mr. Chester appeared to be more at his ease, and yet there was something so serious in his look that I could not understand it.

"No, Miss Dormer, it was nothing of the kind," he replied; "I am not going to marry Doris; she has broken off the engagement. She does not care for me."

"Not care for you?" I exclaimed, starting up; "not care for you, Mr. Chester? Surely you are mistaken."

"No," he answered, calmly; "there is no mistake; she does not care for me, and our engagement is at an end."

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I am so sorry; I am so grieved for you!"—He looked at me earnestly as I said this—"Oh, cannot I help you?—it is not true?"

"It is quite true; she does not care for me."

He spoke very slowly, and I was surprised even in the midst of my other surprise, to hear him speak so calmly, almost—it seemed to me, so indifferently of the matter.

"Cannot I help you?" I asked again; "can I not persuade Doris—" Here I stopped, for I did not quite know what there was for me to persuade Doris to do.

"No," he replied; "nothing can be done. Doris and I have agreed that we do not like one another well enough to marry, therefore nothing can be done."

I was almost too much astonished to speak, but I managed to say, "No," in a very faint and perplexed voice; then I added, "I suppose Doris did not like to tell me this herself?"

"I do not know; but though I had intended to have left it to her to tell, I am not sorry that she has left it to me."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"Miss Dormer," he went on, "I cannot say I made a mistake; for when I asked Doris to marry me, I knew that I liked some one else."

"That was wrong," I said, gravely, almost indignantly; for it seemed to me then that I comprehended how it was, and I knew what Doris's spirit was, and that she would at once give up Mr. Chester when she found out the state of the case.

"How could you do it?" said I; "poor Doris!"

Mr. Chester saw what turn my thoughts had taken.

"No," he said; "I am not to blame in the way you suppose. Doris never cared about me. She told me as much in the first instance; but we were both in doubt and difficulty and in some trouble, and so we trusted to getting out of it by taking a false step, thinking it to be a very safe and eligible one."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Surely, Mr. Chester, that was not the way to overcome any trouble. The best way is to face it and look at it steadily until one can bear to have it gone steadily back again (that is, after the first shock is over, for perhaps one can't quite do that at first), for trouble has to be borne in this world."

I had had a little experience of my own, so I felt that I could moralize with good effect. And so I spoke rather energetically, for I could not quite get out of my head that Doris somehow required compassionating. However, Mr. Chester replied,—

"You see Doris and I had not had time to get over the first shock. We were both harassed, and vexed and grieved; but when we came to consider everything, we saw that we had made a mistake, and so Doris—"

"Then it was Doris who found out—"

"Yes, Miss Dormer; it was Doris who found out that there was some one I liked better than herself. Doris found out my hopeless love when she was reading her story in the fire that evening, if you remember."

I did remember; and then, for the first time I also remembered that on that night I had felt the strange feeling of treachery to Doris, and then—no, I could not believe it—it was too incredible; and yet— For Mr. Chester was standing close beside me, and he asked me, "Miss Dormer, have you no idea who that other person is?"

Then I knew it all in a moment, but I did not answer; and I suppose he knew that I knew it, for he asked again—

"Joyce, do you not know?"

Then I said, "Yes;" for what else could I say but the truth? I did not speak very loud; indeed, it was quite a whisper, but Mr. Chester heard it and was satisfied.

And then—but I cannot tell exactly all that was said, so perhaps I had better not write it down as I like to be quite truthful in my narrations. I may, however, say that Mr. Chester made me fully understand all about his engagement to Doris, and that she desires with her whole heart that I should be his wife. And so this present marvel has come to pass; "the morrow" has brought forth that which I expected not; another river than that flowing through Dormer-land has rolled its waters at my feet; roses, such as grew not in Dormer-gardens, have bloomed forth suddenly within my grasp; and as I close my diary for to-night, I note down in wonder at my happiness, that Doris will have her wish gratified.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

JOYCE DORMER'S LAST ENTRY.

Wave follows wave in the tide of time with ceaseless flow; on, on, to the ocean of eternity. No end to that which hath no beginning; the ages back are as countless as the ages that are to come, and man comprehends it not.

How quickly time flies! I can scarcely realise that nearly six months have slipped away since Mr. Carmichael's death.

Yet so it is. The snowdrops peeped up in January to whisper that Proserpine was already beginning to weary of the darksome regions of Orcus; then the gold and purple crocuses crept forth to tell the same story, and soon the violets breathed forth the rumor they had heard underground of how Proserpine was fastening on her silver sandals, and that Pluto was grieving that he must part with his wife. But Ceres was getting impatient; so were the flowers; they had heard so much of the broad sun and the blue heavens, that they longed to wake up and look at them, but they could not open their eyes until Proserpine had come. Then suddenly upon a moonlight night she slipped through her prison gates and reached the wide free earth. And the forest boughs bent, and a deep murmur went through the woods to tell of her approach, and the waves lingered on the shore to sing a sweet song, whose burden was, "Hail, Proserpine!" And when the morning broke, the breezes wafted the news far and near, and the sun chased all the clouds away and sat on a throne of pure sapphire, so that the flowers awoke to find the skies bluer than they had dreamed of, and they worshipped silver-footed Proserpine as she pass-

ed by, and prayed that her reign might be long.

Fairer and fairer grew the flowers to welcome her, and now her reign has reached its summit of glory, and it is summer in the land.

Ah, why need I go back to old myths to describe how spring and summer stole over the earth and loaded it with bud and blossom?

Joyce Dormer, thou wert ever a dreamer; thou wert ever wont to look back with longing eyes into that beautiful past, more beautiful now, inasmuch as time hath spread a veil of magic tissue between it and thee.

As I write I am looking from the little porch window upon the same peaceful landscape that met my tearful eyes scarcely a year ago. But it is even more beautiful now, for the shadow of decay has not yet fallen upon it. Trees, pasture-lands are in their richest garments, and my heart drinks in the beauty of the scene, and is refreshed and comforted as it was before.

O mother earth, how very fair thou art! how tender, how compassionate to thy children! How dost thou mutely appeal to them, suggesting thoughts of higher, holier, happier things than it is in the lot of most of us to grasp.

Well may the poor city toiler be tempted at sight of thee to fall down and worship, saying, "I have found heaven;" for peace comes with the sight of so much beauty—it is as if a voice were speaking to us:—

"'The earth is mine and the fulness thereof;' have I not made it for thee, O man? have I not given it unto thee? have I not cared for thee?"

Yes, I was comforted as in that time before, when my heart was sad and bitter, and well nigh rebelled against the cup I had to drink, and which I would fain have flung away. But better resolves came, and as I bent my lips to taste the bitter waters, behold they have turned sweet.

How short a time since I came here; and yet how much has passed! I seem to have lived through another lifetime, and to have gained the wisdom of a lifetime in the last few months. I came here a child as regards the world, fresh from my quiet home and book-worm dreams; but I leave Green Oake a woman. Yes, I leave Green Oake to-morrow, and it will be my home no longer.

To-morrow will be my wedding-day, and Doris is to be my only bridesmaid. And I thought all through my story that I should have been here. But she tells me now that that could never have been. Furthermore, she declares that I'm not half so good a story maker as she is, for my stories are not so true to life.

Perhaps I differ from her, still I only answer—

"But how could I look forward to such an ending?"

"That is precisely where it is," says Doris, "your imagination failed you at the most critical point. You are not fit to weave romances, Joyce."

And maybe she is right.

Doris is going to remain with Aunt Lotty, and seems quite happy in the thought of it. Aunt Lotty has been drawn towards her more than ever since the read that passage in the poor wife's story.

"Doris," she said, "she who was a mother to you had faith in me. Stay with me, and be my child, as you were hers."

And poor little Doris, throwing her arms round Aunt Lotty's neck, replied—

"I am a waif thrown on the kindness of strangers. I have nowhere else to go."

But that is not the reason that she stays, and Aunt Lotty knows it.

Doris is now known by her rightful name at Craythorpe. She is no longer Miss Carmichael, but Doris de Ligny, the adopted child of Mr. Carmichael's sister, and daughter of the widowed French lady who perished at sea.

Aunt Lotty holds Mr. Chester in as high estimation as ever, and I know it will be a life-long problem to her, which she will never solve, how it could possibly happen that Doris did not care for him.

Perhaps it may be a difficulty to me, also; but that is a fact I only note down in my diary.

Mr. Chester asked me the other day if he had yet found a place in my story. I did not answer him, but Doris answered for me.

"You have been the hero all throughout, Gabriel, but no one found it out but myself. You see I had more penetration than you, despite your superior wisdom."

And Mr. Chester laughed, and Aunt Lotty brought out her staple quotation—

"'The course of true love never did run smooth;' and I think yours is sure to be a happy marriage, Joyce, because there has been a mistake about it."

Which paradoxical argument appeared to be perfectly simple and satisfactory to Aunt Lotty; and as we all understood it, no one offered any objection.

Uncle Dormer is here. He and Mr. Lynn are the only guests to-morrow, for Aunt Lotty wishes the wedding to be as quiet as possible. So do I. Six bridesmaids, in tulle veils and wonderful dresses, would make me no happier; nor would they stand in the place of my dear Doris in her simple attire.

Aunt Letheby, as my father's eldest sister, was invited, but declines coming. She has her own views upon weddings, and does not think it fitting that a Dormer should be ushered into matrimonial life with so little pomp as will attend my wedding. But here is her own letter upon the subject:—

"My Dear Joyce,—I can scarcely convey to you the feeling of extreme pain that it gives me to be compelled, from conscientious motives, to decline being present at your wedding.

"A wedding, like a funeral, is an important ceremony, though, unlike a funeral it may happen more than once in a life-time. (Perhaps I am hardly correct in saying that a funeral happens in a *life time*. If Dr. Letheby were at hand, he could inform me upon the point; but he is not, and the post will be going almost immediately, therefore the remark must pass.) A wedding, however, being an important event, it should, in my estimation, be marked by that outward show which is seemly, and which betokens a regard to the recognized opinions of others.

"Constituted as society is at the present epoch, we owe it to ourselves and to the world in general not to have fewer than six bridesmaids in tulle veils, the bride to have a lace one (Honiton, Brussels, Nottingham, Irish, &c., as may be most convenient), a proper number of carriages, and a handsome wedding breakfast, with appropriate speeches.

"These requisites are within the reach of any one marrying from such a house as Green Oake, and I cannot sufficiently blame your Aunt Lotty for dispensing with them. True, she may hold it as an excuse that the late death of Mr. Carmichael would render these judicious pomps and vanities out of place. Therefore the marriage ought to have been deferred. I regard the hurried manner in which the matter is being brought to a conclusion as little better than an elopement. Possibly, my dear, from the amount of trash you have read in bygone days—(though I sincerely trust that such may not be the case)—you are imbued with the sentiments of *Miss Lydia Languish*, who is so justly held up to reprehension in the play by that excellent person her aunt. (N. B. If ever that play is performed I should like you to see it.) Still, this is an idea I would not willingly entertain of you. And, notwithstanding that upon principle I must decline attending your wedding, I wish you much happiness, and as a tangible expression of my affection I beg your acceptance of a packet that your uncle Dormer will deliver to you from your much-attached aunt, Sophia Letheby."

Ah, well, we all have our peculiarities, and Aunt Letheby is a most excellent woman, in spite of her Dormerisms.

But the shadows of evening are falling across the landscape, and I have been sitting here so long that Aunt Lotty will wonder what has become of me.

I must close my diary.

Wait! One more look back into the past ere I shut the clasp upon Joyce Dormer's last entry.

I close my eyes, and, lo! the pageant of the past rises confusedly before me. A little child beside a shining river points to a tiny boat, and beckons me to enter it, and float with her along the flower-crowned waters. And then she fades away, and I see a slender figure fleeing through a snow-storm. And then a funeral sweeps across my vision. And all the while a medley of sights and sounds hovers around me, glimpses of light, and blotches of sorrow-spots, and nothing clear. Then I hear the low pealing thunder and the roar of heavy breakers, and through the blackness and the tumult can descry a stately vessel beating amidst the raging billows. Then comes a wail of despair, a shriek of agony. And then the storm is hushed, and, kneeling on her knees, I see a woman pray, and rise up patient and enduring. Oh! never will her story cease from my heart, but, like a dirge, sound ever mournfully therein, yet sweet and clear, for the strain floats upward to heaven, a long life-prayer that the angel Sandalphon weaves into his fairest garland.

The clouds dispel, the darkness flees away, and athwart the clear gray sky a rainbow of loveliest hues is thrown, and in its glowing colors I read one word—"Hope!"

And bluer grow the heavens, and in their midst a star is shining—a star so bright that the sun's light dims it not.

Shine on, oh Star of Faith! shine on for ever through my life—through grief, through joy; in time of adversity, in time of wealth; through dark night-watches, and through fair bright days, until thou lightest me into the sure haven wherein I may find "the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved, and wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

I close my diary. Another epoch in my life is over, and with the morrow another epoch will begin.

The tale that I began half in my dreams to weave is told—"Joyce Dormer's Story" is ended.

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☞ The poetically-inclined New Jersey Ball seems to have had a singular faculty for unconsciously appropriating other people's rhymes as he has rolled along his pilgrimage. He owns up to having breathed in Mrs. Whitman's "Sail Day in Autumn" without knowing it. He may find out that he imbibed in a similar way "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."—*Boston Transcript*

☞ The anniversary celebration of the "Ugly Club," of the University of Virginia, H. H Chambers, of Virginia, President, will take place on the 29th instant. The pair of boots, a reward for extreme ugliness, will be presented to W. W. Scott, of Virginia; the hat will be presented to F. Hempstead, of Arkansas; the slippers to Gen. W. A. Brantley, of Georgia; and the huge stick of candy to J. A. Wilson, of Virginia.

☞ Some emigrant passengers on a Mississippi steamboat, recently found some bags of beans among the freight, and helped themselves to a bountiful supply for soup. Too beans were castor oil beans consigned to a druggist, and caused a decided commotion among the thieves.

☞ An Ohio paper tells a novel love story. A young couple planned an elopement, the girl descending from her room upon the traditional ladder, but at the gate they were met by the father of the girl and a minister, by whom the young couple were escorted to the parlor, where, to their surprise, they found all their relatives collected for the marriage ceremony, which took place at once. It was a most paternal freak, and served them right.

☞ A whole colored congregation, including pastor and deacons, has left Macon, Ga., for Liberia.

☞ A young lady school teacher of Indianapolis was, last Sunday, endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

☞ Mrs. Lincoln is going to reside in Racine, Wisconsin. Her furniture was sold at auction in Chicago last Saturday, and brought good prices.

☞ The income of W. B. Astor of New York is $681,310.

☞ Butter is selling in the St. John, N. B, market at eleven to fifteen cents per pound.

☞ Two persons were recently drowned in the river at Knox, Indiana. One of the bodies was found, and after many fruitless efforts a novel method was adopted to find the other. The shirt of the drowned man was thrown into the river, and after drifting a short distance it disappeared. The grappling hooks were immediately used, and the body drawn up precisely at the place where the shirt disappeared. Do you believe it?

☞ The Great Eastern has a wild sort of a legend connected with it, to the effect that between the outer and inner frames or cases, a smith and his riveter perished while at work, and their bodies have never been found. It is said by the sailors and shipwrights that the spectres of these two victims haunt the dark space between the outer and inner cases of the vessel.

☞ A new member arose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head after all."

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867.

## OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in The Post of May 4th a new novelet, called

**LORD ULSWATER,**

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

**JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,**

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "Joyce Dormer's Story," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

## THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

One of the most amusing incidents of this age of shams, is the sending of a letter by the Reform League of England to Count Bismark, complimenting him on his advocacy of the extension of "full representation and vote by ballot" to North Germany.

Every one knows that Count Bismark is a thorough absolutist in his political principles, and has not a drop of "liberal" blood in his body. If he favors universal suffrage, therefore, it is simply for the same reason that Louis Napoleon favors it, as a means of upholding absolutism.

If the suffrage in France and Germany were restricted to the intelligent classes, they would probably soon put a curb upon both these despotic gentlemen—but Bismark and Napoleon are both shrewd enough to use a Democratic form when it works to a despotic end.

Bismark's reply to the Reform Leaguers is excellent in its way. He says:—

"I am glad to think that the origin of the late Reichstag, and the proceedings of that efficient and patriotic body, should have met with so much sympathy in a country the history and institutions of which have always afforded, and will not cease to afford, *a highly interesting object to the scrutiny and reflection of continental politicians.* May the time be not far distant when all the nations of Europe will turn their attention to each other for no other purpose than that of emulating in good government and *the arts of peace.* You will oblige me by conveying to the members of the meeting the expression of my sincere thanks for their flattering appreciation of what I have been doing to serve *the King and my country in conformity with the individual character of society and political institutions in Germany.* I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant, Bismark."

How Bismark must have laughed when he received that complimentary letter from the English Liberals, and penned his adroit answer.

## FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The Illinois Medical Society, at its annual meeting, adopted a resolution declaring "that the diet that is ordinarily most wholesome is the proper diet to be taken during an epidemic of cholera." Those who spoke testified to the beneficial influence of ripe fruit, such as berries and peaches, in cases of dysentery. And this reminds us that our Germantown physician (Dr. Moore) contends that typhoid fever is a scorbutic disease, and he brought our daughter safely and quickly through it on vegetable soup, discarding utterly such remedies as brandy and beef tea.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. With 37 Original Illustrations, from Designs by H. K. Browne. Author's American Edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philada.

Marriage in the United States. By Auguste Carlier. Translated from the French by B. Joy Jeffries, A. M. Published by De Vries, Ivarra & Co., Boston; and by Leypoldt & Holt, New York.

The Crittenden Commercial Arithmetic and Business Manual. This work is designed for the use of Merchants and Business Men, Academies and Commercial Colleges. By John Gross Beck, Consulting Accountant, Principal of Crittenden's Philadelphia Commercial College. Published by S. H. Crittenden & Co., Philada. Price $1.25. Postage prepaid.

Sense and Nonsense in Relation to All Topics Concerning Human Affairs. By Simon M. Landis, M. D., D. D. (or, Doctor of Body and Soul.) Published by the First Progressive Church of Philadelphia. For sale by Dr. S. M. Landis Agt., Thirteenth street and Girard avenue, Philada., and by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

Bible Teachings in Nature. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, author of "First Forms of Vegetation." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. In Three Books—In England; In Scotland; In France. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Bradshaw's Handbook to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. By J. R. Morrell. Illustrated with a new and beautiful Map of Paris, and Plans of the Exhibition Building, &c. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

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☞ The "Athletics" of Philadelphia are down East, showing the natives how to play base ball on Boston Common. They defeated the "Ion," the champion club of Maine, by a score of 88 to 23 the Harvard College Club of Boston by 22 to 10, the Lowell club (of Lowell) by 58 to 8, and the Charter Oak club (of Hartford) by 35 to 19.

☞ At the mouth of what is known as Gay Gulch, in Colorado Territory, it is said that some one has put up a stake on which is written a list of water power and other claims in that neighborhood. The claimants have certainly claimed enough, but on the other side of the stake is written, "I claim all creation, and my wife claims the balance, beginning at this stake."

### The Indian War.

General N. B Buford, one of the special commissioners appointed to visit Dakota and investigate the Fort Phil Kearney massacre, has arrived in Washington.

The commission, of which Gen. Buford was a member, consisted of Gens. Sulley and Parker, appointed by Gen. Grant; Gen. Buford, Gen. Sanborn, Judge Kenney, and Mr. Beauvais, appointed by Secretary Browning. After a full and very complete investigation, Gen. Buford says there is no necessity for an Indian war, and there would be none if the Indians were protected from the rapacity and rascality of frontier settlers, whose interests are to bring on a war, and supply our armies with subsistence at exorbitant prices. In fact, the present war which is upon us is nothing but a raid upon the treasury of the United States by the frontiersmen and army contractors. These men band together and make false reports of alleged massacres by Indians, and then call upon the Government to send troops to protect them, when in fact they only ask for them that they may grow rich from the supplies furnished them. These men see that the Pacific Railroad is fast driving them out of business, because it furnished supplies cheaper and with more despatch to our military stations than the ranche-traders could do; therefore, they get up the war so that the Indians can be driven away from the lines of railroad, and our army following them must be supplied as they were heretofore. To show you the enormous profits made by this class of people, it need only be stated that at Fort Laramie our Government pays four dollars per bushel for oats, five dollars for corn, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars per ton for hay. These prices are obtained by the sellers creating the impression that they run hair-breadth escapes on the route to camp, when they are in fact the instigators of the hostilities. The employes of the Union Pacific Railroad are also advocates of war, because the transportation of troops and passengers would put into their treasury large sums of money. In fact, those only are for war who desire to plunder the Government, and the alleged atrocities of the Indians are merely used as means to consummate this robbery. General Hancock's expedition has rendered it difficult to secure peace north of the Platte river, as the Indians all have regular facilities for communicating with each other, and when a war is made on one tribe the others think they will be included.

These commissioners also had power to separate the peaceful from the warlike Indians; but, for the reasons just stated, they found this very difficult. They, however, induced the Brulee tribe, numbering 2 800 persons, to keep out of the way of the hostile forces. These tribes were given $4 000 worth of presents, and were assigned for the time being, as a hunting ground, all the country south of the Platte and north of the Smoky Hill route, bounded by the longitudinal lines passing the mouth of the Plumb and Lodgepole creeks. The commissioners found that those tribes which lived in the vicinity of military posts were much more demoralized than those who lived far away. This is especially so of a tribe called the "Laramie Loafers," living in the vicinity of the fort of that name. Gen. Buford says he and Gen Sanborn are of the opinion that all the territory north of the State of Nebraska, and west and south of the Missouri river as far as the mouth of Muscle Shell river, containing about 80 000 square miles, should be set apart as an exclusive Indian territory, in which no one should be allowed, except agents, teachers, and duly licensed traders. No military posts should be erected, or white persons allowed there, except those mentioned. In this territory could be collected gradually all the Indians north of the Platte and east of the Rocky Mountains. Corn can be grown successfully there, and the agents and teachers can teach them agriculture and the arts of civilized life. In fact these Indians, in the opinion of the commissioners, should be allowed all the advantages enjoyed by the Indians south of Kansas. The new route to Montana, by way of Fort Phil Kearney is, in their opinion unnecessary, as all the supplies and emigration destined for that Territory can be sent up the Missouri to Fort Benton, or by the southern or former route. The Fort Kearney massacre was caused by our Government forcing a military force along what is called Bozeman's route to Montana, before a treaty had been concluded with the Indians. The Government not being able to come to terms with the real chiefs of the Indians, created new chiefs, and got up a treaty which was not recognized by the tribes as legitimate. Under cover of this treaty troops were marched to Fort Kearney, where, on the 21st of December last, they were massacred. The force consisted of eighty-one men, under Col. Fetterman.

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☞ Of 18,000,000 bottles of champagne annually exported from Rheims and its vicinity, the United States get 2,000,000 of the purest kind.

☞ Better eschewed than chewed—tobacco.

☞ Pleasant husbandry—destroying the weeds of a widow by marrying her.

☞ The demand for sausages in Paris is represented to be extraordinary. Domestic animals are consequently rare.

☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson returns an income of $963.

☞ An elderly maiden, who had suffered some disappointments, thus defines the human race: Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit, and boots. Woman—the waiter, per force, on the aforesaid animal.

☞ The "Irish People" newspaper condemns the idea that seeks to Americanize foreigners and make them love fatherland less and their adopted land more. Does not the "Irish People" know that a man's adopted country is like his wife? "A man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife," says the Scriptures. So with our foreign born citizens—when they swear allegiance to the United States "they shall leave" their fatherland "and cleave to their" adopted country; of course not ceasing to love the good old land that bore them, but mindful of their new and sacred duty.

☞ One charge in a lawyers bill against a client was, "For waking up and thinking of your business, $5."

☞ A piece of romance is reported in connection with the great Derby race, which took place two weeks ago: A young lady was engaged to be married to Mr. Chaplin, but twenty-four hours before the proposed wedding eloped with the Marquis of Hastings. At the Derby, Mr. Chaplin's horse won, and the Marquis of Hastings in consequence lost £120,000—nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, currency. The Marquis is now "hard up," and Mr. Chaplin has had his revenge.

### Storm Signals During Harvest.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, makes the following suggestions:—

The following plan to aid in preventing injury to grain and hay crops from storms during harvest is offered for the consideration of farmers, county officials, telegraph companies, boards of trade, agricultural societies, and the public generally.

It is estimated that one-third of the grain and hay crops are on an average injured annually by storms during harvest. Large quantities are cut down and then a storm comes on suddenly, or as a settled rain, and they get wet to a degree that they are damaged materially, the labor of a year often being lost by a single heavy rain. These storms when of considerable duration generally commence in the northwest and frequently extend over several states clear to the ocean.

If farmers had *warning* of these approaching storms in time to get their grain or hay under cover or in a situation to shut out the rain, much of this injury would be prevented. By adopting the following general plan it is believed that this may be effected.

When a storm commences in any part of the country, and is travelling in a certain direction or is spreading in many directions, the first telegraph station over which it passes is to send the news immediately to all the telegraph stations at county seats, hundreds of miles in advance, in the direction that the storm is travelling. At each county seat a cannon is to be kept ready by the officials at the court-house, and as soon as the news is received of a coming storm it is to be fired *three* times; at intervals of *one* minute if a hurricane is approaching, at intervals of *three* minutes if the storm is travelling rapidly, and at intervals of *six* minutes if it is travelling slowly. And even a *fourth* gun might be fired, the interval from the third in *seconds* giving the distance that the storm is off, *seconds* for *miles*; but this last may not be deemed important. If a county seat has no telegraph, the firing can often be by sound from the next county seat.

As a good-sized cannon can be heard distinctly from fifteen to twenty miles in all directions, or over a space of from thirty or forty miles square, (1,600 square miles) by firing one at each county seat the farmers for hundreds of miles over the whole country would be *warned* in time to get their grain or hay under cover, or in a situation to shut out the rain. And this *warning* would not only aid in preventing injury to hay, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, peas, beans, and many other products, but it would also be useful in drying or curing fodder, tobacco and cotton, and in drying brick, and many other products and manufactures too numerous to mention. It would be useful in seeding time, spring and fall, as well as in harvest, and might even be useful in winter. It would also be useful on our extended coasts, and particularly on our numerous bays, rivers and lakes, and especially in severe storms and hurricanes by *warning* vessels to seek places of safety or prepare for the coming storm. And finally it would be useful in all seasons and to every business, city or country, and to every individual in the entire community.

It may be remarked that this plan is in direct imitation of nature as exhibited in storms during summer, the thunder being often heard long before the clouds are even seen. The telegraph represents the lightning, and the cannon the thunder, but nature is vastly surpassed in time and extent, as the flash will be understood and the roar will be heard at the same moment hundred of miles in advance of the real lightning and thunder.

The cost of this plan will be trifling compared to the advantage gained. Many county seats own a cannon which can be fired by some of the officials or employees round the court-house. The actual expense will only be the cost of a short telegram from the next county seat about once a week for three or four months during summer, and the additional cost of a few kegs of powder. The whole cost to each county will not be more than fifty dollars annually, while from this trifling outlay tens of thousands will be saved to each county, millions of dollars to each of the larger grain and grass growing states, and perhaps one hundred millions of dollars annually to the whole United States.

As every county seat does not own a cannon suitable for a *storm gun*, and as the State and National arsenals have a great abundance of any size desired, all deficiencies may be supplied from these sources, and thus these cannon now lying idle will be put to a useful purpose, and these destructive engines of war will be converted into implements of husbandry by being used to imitate thunder to give *warning* of approaching storms many hours in advance of the real thunder or the rain.

If this plan should meet with general approval, arrangements should be made to carry it into operation in time for the coming harvest, not only in our own country, but also in Canada. Such arrangements may be made between the county officials and a telegraph company, or some telegraph company may make arrangements by circular with the county officials in several of the states. Then if all the newspapers would publish the *storm signals* to be posted in every house over the whole country the plan would be complete, and in a short time the *storm guns* would commence to roar, giving warning of approaching storms and hurricanes over vast extents of country hundreds of miles in advance of the actual thunder or the storm.

All newspapers in favor of this plan should publish it, and every farmer should examine it accurately, and if approved of, he should write to the county clerk or other county official of his county in its favor. A sufficient number of such endorsements will secure its adoption in time for the coming harvest. A. Watson.

*Washington, D. C.*

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☞ The Paris *Punch* has some caricatures of the Yankees in Paris. The best represents one in a private box at the Chamber of Deputies, who says to the janitor: "I mean to see everything during the exhibition. Here are $50: just hire Mr. Thiers to make a speech, now, while I sit here."

☞ Martin F. Tupper is the pet poet of the Prince of Wales.

☞ The number of immigrants that arrived at New York during the month of May was 36,059. About 17,000 came from Liverpool, and 14 000 from German ports. The chief destinations of these immigrants were—To New York, 13 255; Illinois, 5 088; Pennsylvania, 3 579; Wisconsin, 2 672; Massachusetts, 1,870; Ohio, 1,698; and Michigan, 1,047. But a very small number go to the South.

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

ICA—A PRETTY PLACE—ROUGH UNIVERSALS—SEA VIEWS—TRADE WINDS—SWELLS—SURF—BOLSAS—FRENCH FRIENDS—SHIP WRECK.

Leaving Tumbez out of the count, and of all seventeen maritime towns that necessity, rather than enterprise, has built up along the coast of Peru, Ica is the dirtiest and most delightful. *Dirtiest*, because the muddiest, most delightful from many combined causes. Located upon a slope of moderate elevation, commanding a magnificent view of the bold rocky coast northward as far as the Chinchas southward, or rather southeastward to the limit of vision, and seaward until sky, fleecy clouds, sea-fowl and ships, all mingle with the blue waves of the mighty Pacific on the verge of a dim, far-off horizon.

The town, which is little more than a modest village, containing some two thousand inhabitants, is regularly laid off in rectangular squares, with two spacious plazas beautifully shaded, the avenues running towards the sea, and terminating at the shore, being built up with better class, two-storied adobe private dwellings, verandaed, white stuccoed, neat and pretty, cool and comfortable, clad perpetually in climbing vines everlastingly in bloom, many varieties of gorgeous tropical flowers, continually making an Eden of floral beauty, and filling the air with their grateful aroma.

The shops, or *tendas*, are more respectable in outside appearance, and kept in better order within than is usual anywhere else in South America, and all these, with the humbler dwellings of the artisans, mechanics, and all the poorer classes, are located on the cross streets, so that on entering the town from the country side, or going up into it by one of the broad avenues from the sea, one discovers nothing of that incongruous mingling of gentility and degradation, wealth and wretchedness, pride and poverty so conspicuously offensive in almost all Spanish towns. Only elegance and refined comfort is apparent, until other features are sought for in the narrower transverse streets. There are many superb gardens along these main avenues, and on all sides, except towards the sea, the suburbs are an almost continuous grove of fruit and nut-bearing trees, and shrubs of all tropical varieties, interspersed with well-cultivated gardens that produce a profusion of vegetables equal in quality to any in the world.

And yet possessed of all these fair qualities, Ica, as I have already observed, is with a single exception the dirtiest maritime town along the entire West Coast of America—dirty, but not filthy, in the general acceptation of the term. Nor are the Icans in the least culpable for being the dirty set they are. It is their misfortune, not their fault. The site of the town, as well as a considerable stretch of coast territory, extending from Pisco, lying within the Chincha Islands as far southeast as Atico, a hundred and sixty miles in all, is made up of a peculiar reddish clay, excellent for pottery, and of which most of the common culinary utensils used in Peru is manufactured. Now, although it never rains at Ica, so that the tenacious red clay is not made into mortar beds by Jupiter Pluvius, the copious dews are sufficient to wet up a half-inch or so of the surface every night into an impalpable paste, and whatever thing the red mush comes in contact with, whether clothing, human skin, hide of animal, shoe-leather, furniture or fine female fabrics, it adheres to like lamp-black ground in oil. When the plastic mass has dried, which it does with about an hour and a half of morning sun, instead of becoming a hard-baked surface, as any of our North American clays would do, it changes into a light, dry powder, blowing about with every breath of air, pervading every nook and crevice, painting faces, furniture, birds, beds, and even the viands upon the table with a tinge decidedly sanguine that will neither rub nor brush off, and can only be washed out by copious ablutions. Thus the people of all this region are literally the modern red men and women of Peru, and Ica the dirtiest place on the coast, if not in all creation.

We were fortunate in finding vacant three commodious dwellings adjoining each other, and eligibly located on the *Calle Piedade*, commanding an extensive sea view. The proprietors of the *casas* had been lately appointed to office by the new president, and were about to remove with their families to Lima. So they loaned to us verbally their houses and grounds for as long a period as we should wish to occupy them at the rate of half an ounce, about seven dollars and a half per month, which we might pay at some future time when we should visit Lima, as of course we were expected to do before leaving Peru. Considering that our leasehold covered houses in style equal to any in Ica—two-storied, containing some sixteen apartments each, with two acres of ground attached, bearing an abundance of all sorts of fruits and culinary vegetables, the price of rent to be paid compared with prices in New York or Philadelphia, was certainly as reasonable as could be expected.

We had letters from that portion of our party that had gone to Arequipa, some of whom still remained in that city, some visiting at Tacna, while four or five, among whom were Cator and his wife, had proceeded to Arica; all with the exception of Harry Marsden and family, who were to remain at Arequipa, announcing their intention of coming down in the Esmeralda and joining us at Ica. So as the intention was to cruise to and fro along the coast between Callao and Arica for some considerable time, a half-way house and harbor would be a desirable convenience, and accordingly we took the Ica mansions and grounds for the term of six months, the design, or one of them being to provide a home on shore for our peons, *cholos*, donkeys, dogs, horses, and servants of all sorts, during the period of our amateur coast survey, and at the same time to have always prepared a temporary residence for ourselves on shore whenever we should find it convenient to call. The programme having been thus decided, we proceeded to arrange our travelling "traps" indoors, purchased such supplies and articles of furniture as were necessary, went to housekeeping, and became citizens of Ica *pro tem.*

Like all the other maritime towns along the West Coast of America, with the exception of Callao, the harbor of Ica is just no harbor at all, being merely an open roadstead, without bay or sheltering head land, presenting an open front to the broad side of the Pacific Ocean. A land-locked port is not needed, however, as there are never any storms along this portion of the coast, and a craft of any size moored half a mile off the land may lie until she rots at her anchors, as snug as if she were tied up in one of the Liverpool docks.

The water along the coast, however, is not nearly so pacific as one would naturally imagine it ought to be in the absence of all storms. There is a belt of gentle trade winds, the general direction of which is from S. S. E. to S. W., beginning a little to the northward of Valparaiso, and terminating some four degrees south of the Equator, having an average breadth of about two hundred miles. Within the range of this "trade" belt it is always delightful summer sailing. But beyond it to the westward the mighty Pacific puts on habits as turbulent as those of the North Atlantic in November, being often lashed into fury by violent gales, that in some instances continue during ten days without intermission. As these great off shore storms blow from the westward, their effect is to send eastwardly, across the "trade" belt an immense rolling sea, that running in upon the coast forms a vast ground swell, which dashed upon the shore in huge waves, make a surf so furious, that at many of the so-called ports along the West Coast, landing from a ship at anchor, or going off to one from the shore even in a whale-boat well manned and skilfully handled is both difficult and dangerous; so that at several of these maritime towns the *bolsa* becomes the substitute for the ship's boat, and both passengers and all kinds of merchandize are transported to and fro, between ship and shore, through surf and breakers by means of these droll Pacific dromedaries.

In the parlance of the West Coast any sort of a raft or thing that floats and bears burdens is denominated a *bolsa*, and of these marine fabrics there are many varieties, some of them, as those of the Guayaquil, which we shall come to by-and-by, being great rafts carrying cargo, cottages, families, pigs, poultry, and not a few of them gardens of growing vegetables. But these boating bolsas of the coast of Peru and Bolivia are institutions primitively Peruvian, and so unlike any other species of water craft in existence, that a brief description of one and the manner of its management may perhaps amuse the reader.

The machine is made mainly of raw or undressed bullock's hide, the hair side outward, fashioned into a cigar shaped cylinder, from fourteen to twenty feet long, three to five in its central diameter, rounding off to a point at each end, and the hide shell drawn as tight as a drum-head over strong, light bamboo hoops, placed about a foot apart internally. The seams are cemented with a peculiar water-proof glue, the secret of which still belongs to the native Peruvians, who monopolize this variety of bolsa building almost entirely.

The cigar shaped cylinders being first constructed separately, two of them of equal size and length are joined together at one end, diverging at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, making a V, and presenting an appearance something like a pair of immense twin cucumbers growing from one stem. Then across the middle portion of the two cylinders there is secured a strong, light bamboo platform, woven like the cane seat of a chair and provided with loops and beckets for the convenience of passengers and securing cargo.

Thus the *bolsa de quero* is built, equipped and ready for sea service. It is usually manned by two men, though but one is engaged in propelling it, the duties of the other being that of *patron* or commander, supercargo, porter and general superintendent of passengers and merchandize. The pilot perches himself astride of the point where the two cylinders join, curling his legs under him and clasping the sides of the machine firmly between his knees, and armed with a double bladed paddle some ten feet in length, he clips in alternately each end with vigorous strokes, sending his bubble of a bo'se out or in through the most furious surf, forked end foremost, with unerring precision, great velocity and perfect security to passengers and cargo, perched up on the little central bamboo platform perfectly dry and quite comfortable.

There was a fine French ship hailing from Bordeaux arrived at Ica on the same day with ourselves, bringing a general cargo, and as the whole of it was to be discharged and her homeward bound one taken in at that port, she would lie there some six weeks. Her commander, Capt. Louis Dupont; owner, Mons. Antoine De Chaumont; supercargo, M. Victor Papel, as well as her first and second officers, were all young, educated, polished, polite and social gentlemen, with whom we were not very long in becoming intimately friendly, giving them dinners and suppers and serenades on shore, and in turn accepting invitations to dine and visit on board the Sylvia De Grasse, so that by the time we had known each other ten days, passages by *bolsa* to and from the ship, which lay nearly a mile off shore, became of almost hourly occurrence during the day and evening, and the proprietors of the queer hide bubbles were making a capital thing pecuniarily out of our intimacy, the passage each way being *dos reals*—equivalent to a quarter of a dollar.

One day, Madam Cosmo and Dona Juanita, going on the economy tack, as Cator would have called it, argued that there might be a clear saving of at least four dollars per day made by purchasing a couple of bolsas and navigating them themselves. They could do it as cleverly as any bolsiero on the coast; why not? Yes, Monteiro and Dr. Bond and Kate O'Harra and every one of the Monsieurs declared they could; and so there would have been no use for the remainder of us to have remonstrated, and they had their way, bought the bolsas, and the next morning Dona Juanita, Minnie, Mrs. Monteiro, her husband, Kate and Barney, and Dr. Bond went out through the surf and off to the ship on their two double bolsa bladders, navigating them admirably.

But in the afternoon, when they were ready to come ashore, accompanied by Mons. De Chaumont, Capt. Dupont and Mons. Papel, there had begun to set in from seaward an immense ground swell, breaking on the shore in a surf more terrific than anything the oldest *bolsieros* on the coast had ever witnessed. The thundering breakers, as well as our signals made from the shore were unheeded, and leaving the ship, the fool-hardy navigators came driving on shoreward, right in among the roaring, yelling surges, breaking all feather white along the coast. All we could do was to persuade all the veteran bolsieros on the beach, by the offer of extravagant pay, to push out their bladders into the seething surf to render such assistance as they could, while we stood ready on the beach, prepared with *lassos*, to noose and drag out such of our friends as might require our aid.

On they came, like hurried locomotives, but admirably handled, until driven in among the furious breakers, when O'Harra, who was navigating the leading craft, snapped his paddle in two and lost both pieces. In the next breath a huge breaker caught the bolsa, set it up on end in a wink, and then whirling it round and round like a whipped top, spilled off its crew, consisting of O'Harra and Kate, Minnie, Mons. De Chaumont and the young supercargo, submerging every soul of them, and sending the light bauble of a bolsa far beyond their reach.

The next moment Dr. Bond's craft was overwhelmed, and with it himself, Dona Juanita, Capt. Dupont and the remainder of the party.

Mons. De Chaumont rolled up in sight with Madam Cosmo in his arms, blowing like a grampus, Kate was turned topsy turvy ten times end over end, the young French supercargo gripping her ankle and making desperate efforts to tow her ashore that end foremost; O'Harra was turning marine somersaults, blowing and spouting and bellowing by times like a bull alligator, while Dr. Bond, Dona Juanita, Capt. Dupont and the balance of the party were scattered about promiscuously, tossed and tumbled roughly enough, until rescued by the bolseros. Shieko lassoed De Chaumont by the leg and drew him ashore, with my wife hugging him with all her might. My "catch" was Kate and Mons. Papel, so tangled that for some time it was difficult to determine how much of the haul was French supercargo and how much Mrs. Kate O'Harra.

Beyond decided ducking and several doses of salt water, there was little damage to any one; but our amateur bolseros were disgusted with the profession and willing enough to forego for the future their independent ferriage.

### Professor Agassiz on the Negro.

Professor Agassiz appears not to have an high an opinion of the negro race as is general in Boston. How he can live at the "hub" with such scientific opinions is a matter of surprise. He is reported in a recent scientific lecture as saying:—

"I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the basal and nervous systems of the white man and negro. Indeed, their frames are alike in no particular. There is not a bone in the negro's body which is relatively the same shape, size, articulation, or chemically of the same composition, as that of the white man. The negro's bones contain a far greater per centage of calcareous salt than those of the white man; even the negro's blood is chemically a very different fluid from that which courses in the veins of the white man. The whole physical organism of the negro differs quite as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee; that is, in his bones, muscles, nerves, and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much further to progress to become a negro than a negro has to become a white man. This fact science inexorably demonstrates. * * * Climate has no more to do with the difference between the white man and negro than it has between the negro and chimpanzee, or than it has between the horse and the ass, or the eagle and the owl. Each is a distinct and a separate creation. The negro and white man were created as different as the owl and the eagle. They were designed to fill different places in the system of nature. The negro is no more a negro by accident or misfortune than the owl is the kind of bird he is by accident or misfortune. The negro is no more the white man's brother than the owl is the sister of the eagle, or the ass is the brother of the horse. How stupendous and yet how simple is the doctrine that the Almighty Maker of the universe has created inherent species of the lower animals, to fill the different places and offices in the grand scenery of nature?"

### Borrowed Books.

We take from the New York Observer the following very excellent stanza, relating to the returning of borrowed books. It is from the pen of the late Joseph P. Eagles, Esq., of Philadelphia, a gentleman of good judgment, strict principles, and rare literary acquirements. These lines come with good grace from the pen of Mr. Eagles, who always practiced whatever he preached.

This book belongs to Mr. ——

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me;
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish Learning's store;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly; pause frequently; think seriously; keep cleanly; return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

☞ It was noticed at the recent anniversary meetings in Boston, that the clergy have generally discarded "white choakers."

☞ A Kansas judge has decided that under the law a man is white or black according to the preponderance of white or black blood in his veins.

☞ The young Quakeresses of the Hicksite branch, have so far been conquered by the world as to appear at the yearly meeting in loves of bonnets, chignons, and fashionable jewelry.

☞ Nearly all the battle-fields around Richmond are now sown with grain.

☞ The Russian Emperor is believed to spend about $100,000 a day in Paris.

☞ At Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, recently, a little child fell down stairs and lay senseless from the fall. The only witness to the accident was the cat, which ran to another part of the house, where the child's mother was at work, and mewed vigorously, at the same time running back and forth from the room to the stairway, by which means the mother's attention was attracted and the child cared for. Was that instinct, or reason?

☞ The Treasury Department at Washington has been investigating another mysterious disappearance of bonds. A few weeks ago what was said to be a $1,000,000 package of $1,000 bonds was discovered to contain but 901 bonds, 99 having been abstracted. The matter has undergone the most diligent and searching investigation, but as yet no one has been made public as to who took the bonds. One would think that the checks kept upon government employes ought to be such as to prevent a theft of $99 000 from the Treasury vaults without the thief being discovered. Such things seldom happen in Europe.

☞ And old lady was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted, after pulling that great dog out of the water."

☞ The Hudson river has become fully stocked with carp or gold fish. They originally got into the river from a private pond at Newburg.

## A Moving Story.

The local of "The Buffalo Commercial" has been moving. Hear him:

Yesterday was the first of May, and everybody except those who were so unfortunate as to own their own houses—thereby being liable at any time to be sent to the state prison for the taxes—moved.

We moved.

And it was the movingest sight that we ever saw.

Our readers ought to have seen the scene.

Our folks commenced pulling up and tearing down the traps a week ago.

Most of the "plunder" was thrown into a heap and lumped off into loads, with a total disregard of ordinary rules.

The paregoric and hive syrup and vial, were packed in our new hat, one of J. W. Reed's latest and best.

The castor bottles were placed in our other boots, it being so handy to carry them by the loops. The stopper came out of one containing tomato catsup, and the top of the mustard concern was broken off.

That is the best seasoned pair of boots we ever had.

The other family insisted on coming into the house before we got out.

And so things got mixed up some.

But we got everything that belonged to us at last.

The cartmen swore because the cook-stove was so heavy; and one said "d—d if he'd have it if we offered it to him."

Didn't offer it to him, but offered both of them a drink out of a quarter barrel of ale nearly full standing in the kitchen.

They took it—very kindly, but it made 'em thirsty all the forenoon.

Guess the spigot must have got out of the barrel on the road, for we couldn't squeeze half a glass out last night.

Finally got moved.

Thought it better to have our supper before we tackled the bedstead and the back room stove.

Commenced playing put up bedstead. It's fun, when you like it.

But people don't like it mostly.

None of the blasted rails would fit. Got the wrong ones into the wrong posts, and couldn't screw them up.

Marked them all with a pencil before we took them down, and thought we'd know how they went together again; but somebody wiped the marks all out.

And there we were.

Better half suggested that one at our time of life ought to have more patience, and gave it as her opinion that we "couldn't swear the bedstead together."

Found we couldn't.

Finally got 'em up, four of 'em, and commenced putting the cords on.

Cords broke, and we had to tie them together.

The knots wouldn't slip around the pegs, and we couldn't draw the rope tight.

More remarks by the child's mother on the subject of profanity.

Didn't pay any attention to her, and thus succeeded in getting through with the bed.

Then went down and "harnessed" the stove.

The legs all fell out when we tried to lift it on the zinc, but we got it in position at last.

Two lengths and one elbow of the pipe missing.

Finally found the elbow in the bureau drawer, and the two lengths rolled up in the parlor carpet.

Got a hatchet and a stick of wood, and commenced pounding the pipe together.

Knocked a chunck out of one of our knuckles, and got the elbow on wrong end up.

Had to take it all apart and change it. Commenced pounding again but couldn't make it jibe.

Pounded more.

The more we pounded the more it wouldn't fit, and we thought we'd give it up.

Expressing our opinion about stove pipes in general and this one in particular, and some allusion to the original inventor of this kind of furniture.

Went to the corner grocery and got "swie lager," felt refreshed, and resumed the attack on the pipe.

Found out that what ailed us before was that we hadn't pounded it enough.

Remedied the defect, and the job was done. Stove smoked beautifully.

Got wife to tie rags around three of our fingers and one thumb, and thought we'd sit down and have a smoke.

Found meerschaum after a while, and discovered amber mouth piece broken.

Got the tobacco can, but on ascertaining that the salt cellar had been emptied into it, made up our mind that we wouldn't smoke.

We concluded we'd better go to bed, and started to pick our way through the mass of things piled up and scattered.

Stumbled over the long rocker of a chair and barked one shin. Returned no answer to an interrogatory as to why we "didn't break our neck?" repeated "Now I lay me," and turned in.

Having a strong constitution, which enables us to bear a great deal of sleep, and always paying strict attention to our sleeping, didn't know anything till morning.

Went down stairs, and found wife getting breakfast with tears in her eyes.

Told us she "was deceived in the house," if she had "known what it was, she would never have moved into it," and that she'd never be able to "settle" in it.

This settled us; and declining to partake of the frugal morning meal which had been provided, (we remembered the supper,) we took our departure, promising to call in the early part of the ensuing week, when things had been "put to rights."

And we mean to go.

☞ A young married woman left Springfield for Hartford, Ct., a few days since, with a young man not her husband. An elderly female who saw them take the cars informed the woman's husband immediately. He went in pursuit and overtook them in Waterbury, Ct., and found that the gentleman was his own wife's brother, who had happened to call unexpectedly on her just as she was about starting, with her husband's consent, to visit her friends in Waterbury, and concluded to accompany her.

☞ COST OF FENCE.—In the State of New York the actual cost of fence per mile, as exhibited by the returns of the several railroads in that state, amounts to seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars.


### A Case of Cancer.

For some time there has been going the rounds of the press a receipt for curing cancer by the use of a plaster of chloride of zinc, blood-root and wheat flour, said to have been discovered by *Dr.* Fell, of London, some eight or ten years ago. It has been tried in this city, in the case of a child who had a cancer on her lip, and so far the success seems perfect. The tumor, about the size and shape of a pecan, has come out, and the process of healing has gone on rapidly and healthily. We will take note of the progress of the case, and will report its final success or failure. The only point yet to be determined is whether the cure is so complete that the cancer shall not return.—*Natchez Democrat*

☞ Title & Lace is the name of a firm out West. Title holds the cash, while Lace does the talking.

☞ SEE IT? To learn to read the following so as make good sense is the mystery:

I thee read see that me.
Love is up will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and down and you if

☞ A new style of marriage notice has recently made its appearance in Kansas, to which the words "no cake" are appended. In marriages conducted on this principle it will be easy to discover whether people go to weddings and receptions for the sake of the married couple or to get their cake.

☞ Over thirty brides were at the Niagara Falls Hotel one day last week.

☞ The story of a lazy schoolboy who spelled Andrew Jackson, Andru Jakn, has been overshadowed by a youth out West, who wished to mark a half dozen new shirts. He marked the first John Jones, and the rest "

☞ We cannot too strongly impress upon parents the importance of allowing their children to learn trades. The average pay of clerks is now from ten to twenty dollars per week, while the average pay of skilled workmen is from fifteen to fifty dollars per week.

☞ Amos Lawrence said, when asked for advice:—"Young man, base all your actions upon a principle; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost."

**Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood:**

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-tf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are the only reliable medicines for the cure of all bilious symptoms, derangement of stomach and bowels, old sores, ulcers and cancers. Manufactory, 69 Maiden Lane, N. Y.


## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th of March, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr CHARLES W. MASS to Miss JULIA A. COLE, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. HENRY C. STROCK to Miss MATTIE VITIAN, both of this city.

On the 7th of April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. THOMAS S. GILLAM to Miss KATE PERKINS, both of this city.

On the 20th of Feb., by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr GEORGE W. FOTE to Miss KATE JORDON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Mann, D. D., Dr. THEODORE ROHR to Miss EMMA E. ANDREE.

On the 1st of June, 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., GEORGE W. ROWEN to Miss MARY ANN BROWN, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, ROBERT G. LEWIS, in his 56th year.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM H. COLMAN, in his 54th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. GEORGE SEMS, in his 70th year.

On the 9th instant, NATHANIEL TREMAINE, in his 79th year.

On the 8th instant, MARY, wife of John Baker, in her 24th year.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE W. CLARK, in his 32d year.

On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH LOWRY, in her 61st year.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM R. HALLOWAY, in his 26th year.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM H. CRUMP, aged 39 years.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. About 3000 bbls sold at from $8@9 for superfine; $9@10 for extra; $10@12,25 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $11@13 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—200 bbls sold at from $7,25 @7,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 800 bus of fair Penna red sold at $2,40; 1200 bus good do, in lots, at $2,50, and 500 bus prime at $2,60 @2,65; 1000 bus California sold at $2,50. Rye—1400 bus sold at $1,50 for prime Penna. Corn—40,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,06@1,19; 20,000 bus western mixed at $1,06@1,08, and 4000 bus white at from 98 @1,00 ₱ bus, and @1,12 for western mixed. Oats—About 21,000 bus sold at from 70@75c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull; sales are making at $22,50@23 ₱ bbl for new Mess Pork; 15@17½c ₱ lb for plain and fancy bagged bacon Hams; 12½@14½c for pickled do; 9@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 12c for prime Lard, in bulk and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22@25 ₱ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter; small sales are making at 18@19c for roll, and 9@14c ₱ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@19c ₱ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 22@23c ₱ dozen.

☞ Other articles same as last reported.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1750 head. The prices realized from 18@19 cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to $5 ₱ head. Sheep—600 head were disposed of at from 5@6½ cts ₱ lb. 2400 Hogs sold at from $9 @10,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Unequalled Inducements.

### Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

**"One of Life's Happy Hours,"**

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

**STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,**

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

**NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.**

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

**TERMS.**

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

**OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.**

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

**HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.


## "DON'T STAY LONG."

A look of yearning tenderness
Beneath her lashes lies,
And hope and love unutterable
Are shadowed in her eyes,
As in some deep unruffled stream
Are clouds and summer skies.

She passed to early womanhood,
From dreamy, sweet girl life,
And crossed the rosy threshold but
To find herself a wife;
Oh! gently should he lead her steps
Along the path of life!

And as she clasped her small white hands
Upon his arms so strong,
How often, like a summer sigh,
Or a sweet pleading song,
She whispers, with a parting kiss,
"Beloved one, don't stay long."

It's almost always on her lips,
Her gentlest parting words,
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves
When by soft zephyrs stirred,
And lingering in the memory
Like songs of summer birds.

And to his heart they nestle warm,
When other scenes amid;
He stays not till she weary grows,
And her fond eyes are hid
In tears, which lie in bitterness
Beneath each veiling lid.

And oh, how many hearts are kept
By that love-uttering song!
There's scarcely one who on life's waves
Is swiftly borne along,
But what has heard from some dear lips
Those sweet words—"Don't Stay Long."

HOW CANADA OBTAINED ITS NAME.—The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular searches for gold and silver, and, finding none, they often said among themselves, *A ca nada* (there is nothing here). The Indians, watched closely, learned this sentence, and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence, *A ca nada*. The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.

☞ INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS.—Chemists tell us that a single grain of the substance called *iodine* will impart color to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things—one book, one habit, may affect the whole of life and character.

☞ A writer on female education in Germany says: "A German girl comes into the world with two original sins, the vice of coffee-drinking and an indisposition to take exercise."

## JUNE.

'Twas eve, and the hazy twilight
Had mellowed the fragrant air,
And, stretched in the new mown hayfield,
I conjured up visions fair.
In the heavens I spelled out a legend,
The oldest that ever I know,
'Twas writ 'midst the crimson cloud bands,
"O darling, I love but you!"

Beside me a tiny dream-child
Was raking the sweet fresh hay,
And her saucy eyes half challenged me
As of old to a game of play.
"Long years since, O child haymaker,
I told thee a story true;"
And in my June-dream I murmured,
"O darling, I love but you."

Then faded my bright child-idol,
And a maiden fair as the day,
Joined in the pranks of a careless troop
That revelled amongst the hay.
I knew all the shadow faces,
Kate, Nelly, and little Sue,
And I turned to the maiden and whispered,
"O darling, I love but you!"

The sun went down in his glory,
The haymakers vanished away,
And the crescent moon bade a kindly
Farewell to the golden day.
The peeping stars lighted the legend
Traced for aye in the heavens blue;
"O darling, why will you not read it
And know that I love but you?"

JULIA GODDARD.

## Mind Your Words.

The importance of due attention to the meanings of the words which we employ in speaking and in writing is so apt to escape notice, that a little illustration of it, from two or three recent instances, may give both a hint and an amusement to the reader.

An English nobleman, Lord Henry Seymour, who lived at Paris many years, and was quite as much French as English in his tastes and sympathies, executed a will in 1856, wherein he made many noble bequests, one of which was to the hospitals of London and Paris. The property thus willed proved to be worth not far short of £70,000—a goodly sum for those institutions which were intended to benefit by it. Little did his Lordship think what work for the lawyers would be provided by him. His purpose was full of kindness, and perhaps he had a clear idea in his own mind of the intended limits of the bequest; but he did not consider sufficiently how potent in English law is exact phraseology, how necessary it is that we (to use the title given to this article) should mind our words.

In the first place, the hospitals of London were to receive a moiety of the munificent sum. Now which of us can determine rightly what London means? Who can tell what is in London, and what is not? where are its limits, what is its area? how is it bounded, where it begins, and where ends? what it contains, and what excludes? The truth is, we have so many Londons, or so many interpretations of the word London, that we do not know which is which. Let us think for a moment how this matter stands. In the first place, there is "London within the walls," the "City," in its most limited acceptation, comprising very little more than half a square mile. Then this, being combined with "London without the walls"—a belt of parishes immediately outside the City walls and gates as they used to be—constitutes the City in the sense in which we used to apply that term, covering about one square mile in area—a wonderful city, certainly, in which some of the land has recently been sold at the rate of one million sterling per acre; but a small city, nevertheless. Then "London, Westminster and Southwark," are often considered as forming London, in its metropolitan sense. But the Registrar-General's metropolis, the Parliamentary metropolis, and the Post-Office metropolis, and the Police metropolis, not only differ in size from any and all of the above, but differ one from another. If an inhabitant of Hammersmith, Kilburn, Hampstead, Hornsey, or Stamford Hill, north of the Thames, or an inhabitant of Putney, Clapham, Norwood, Sydenham, Lewisham, or Greenwich, south of the Thames, were to be told that he is not living in the metropolis, he would demand to "know the reason why;" indeed, it would not be easy to assign a reason, seeing that he could show himself to be a Londoner in some sense or other.

We are all of us prone enough to take the benefit of the doubt, whenever there is one; and the secretaries and treasurers of charitable institutions not less so than other people. No sooner was it known that Lord Henry Seymour was dead, and that he had made so munificent a distribution of his property, than the applicants for plums out of the pudding became exceedingly numerous. No less than four groups of claimants appeared, each to some extent opposed by all the other three. Group the first said: "The gift is obviously confined to the *City* of London, excluding all beyond that limit." "Not so," said group the second; "it extends to all the hospitals within the old bills of mortality," (London, Westminster, Southwark, and about thirty out-parishes, but excluding Marylebone, St. Pancras, Paddington, Chelsea, and everything beyond.) Group the third contended for "all the area within the metropolitan boroughs;" while group the fourth would (for cogent reasons of their own), be satisfied with nothing less than "the whole area included within the Registrar-General and Census Commissioners' interpretation of the word Metropolis." We do not accuse any of these charities of uncharitableness towards each other. If a definite sum is given to an indefinite number of persons, the smaller that number the more there will be for each. Every one of these claimants could assign reasons for his claims.

It soon became known that the costly aid of the law would be needed. The Master of the Rolls was called upon to settle the matter. He had to put the best construction he could upon the testator's will. He sought for some medium between excessive limitation and excessive expansion. If there be a dense district in the metropolis, he did not wish that the hospitals in that district should be debarred from a share in the bequest; on the other hand, if there be a sparsely-inhabited district, he did not think the bequest should be frittered away by being rendered applicable to such a place. He believed that the testator meant to use the word "London" in its full, complete, popular sense, as including all the busily-occupied districts of what we call the metropolis, as it existed *in the year when the will was made*. This being the general principle adopted, it was arranged that each case should be treated and decided as it arose,—the separate problems being whether such and such hospitals were within the fairly interpreted metropolitan limits in 1856.

So far so good. But there arose a new perplexity. The word "London" being settled, we have then to ask what is a "Hospital?" All sorts of good and useful institutions claimed to be hospitals when there was money to be got by it. The sum bequeathed was to be divided between the hospitals of Paris and London, or, in the words of the will, "*aux hospices de Paris et Londres*." Nearly every kind of charitable institution applied, and the Master of the Rolls tried to apply the wisdom which is in the wig for settling the limitations of this claim, as well as of the claims above noticed. He eventually decided that such charities only should share the benefit of the bequest as fell within the definition of the French word *hospice*. This definition includes only those institutions which are established and maintained for persons "whom indigence, old age, infancy, neglect, or incurable disease, have placed beyond the power of taking care of themselves." The effect of this determination is to exclude all charities in which payment is required for admission, all hospitals in the ordinary sense of the word, and all institutions who do not receive patients or inmates permanently within their walls.

First, then, settle what is "London:" next settle what is "Hospice;" then pay a whole army of legal and judicial functionaries for many years' fighting; and then hand over the balance to the favored charities—a balance of no great amount to each when all was told.

Another curious inquiry before the courts, three or four years ago, was into the meaning of the word *team*, as used by writers generally, and used in a particular document. It was a very lively and amusing inquiry,—rather a rarity in a court of justice. Quotations from the poets, citations from the dictionary-makers, and chatty remarks on what the poets and lexicographers really meant, diversified the otherwise dull proceedings of John Doe and Richard Roe. A certain noble duke made an agreement with one of his tenants in Oxfordshire concerning the occupancy of a farm, and a portion of the agreement was expressed in the following terms: "The tenant to perform each year for the Duke of ——, at the rate of one day's team-work with two horses and one proper person, for every £50 of rent, required, (except at hay or corn harvest,) without being paid for the same." In other words, the rent of the farm was made up of two portions, the larger being a money payment, and the former a certain amount of farm service. All seems to have gone on quietly and smoothly in reference to this agreement, until one particular day, when the Duke's agent or bailiff desired the farmer to send a cart to fetch coals from a railway station to the ducal mansion. "Certainly not," said the farmer. "I'll send the horses and a man, but you must find the cart."

"Pooh! pooh! what do you mean? Does not your agreement bind you to do team-work occasionally for his Grace?" "Yes, and here's the team; two horses and a careful man to drive them." "But there can't be a team without a cart or a wagon." "O yes, there can, the horses are the team." "No, the horses and cart together are the team."

And so they went at it, tooth and toenail, hammer and tongs. The question which a whole row of learned judges were called upon to decide was—what is a *team*? The form in which the inquiry came on was that of ejectment; the Duke seeking to eject the farmer, on the ground of alleged forfeiture, because the latter had refused to interpret "team-work" as including the supply of a cart as well as horses and a driver. In all probability both parties were sincere, and both obstinate; each believed himself right, and so believing, determined not to yield an inch to the other. The case was first tried at Oxford before a common jury, who gave a verdict substantially for the Duke. A rule was afterwards obtained, with a view to bring the question of definition before the judges at the Court of the Queen's Bench. The counsel for the Duke contended that as team-work cannot be done by horses without a cart or wagon, it is obvious that a team must include a vehicle as well as the horses, by which it is to be drawn. Mr. Justice A—— (we need not identify names here) said that in the course of his reading he had met with some lines which tend to show that the team is separate from the cart:

"Giles Gelt was sleeping, in his cart he lay:
Some waggish plif'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes and cries, 'Ods Bodkins, what's here?
Why, how now, am I Giles or not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart:
If not, Ods Bodkins, I've found a cart.'"

Mr. Justice B—— quoted a line from Wordsworth—

"My jolly team will work alone for me,"

as proving the former's interpretation, seeing that though horses might possibly be jolly, a cart cannot. The counsel for his Grace urged that the dictionaries of Johnson and Walker both speak of a team as "a number of horses drawing the same carriage." "True," said Justice A——, "do not these citations prove that the team and the carriage are distinct things?" "No," replied the counsel on the Duke's side; "because a team without a cart would be of no use." He cited the description given by Cæsar of the mode of fighting in chariots, adopted by the ancient Britons, and of the particular use and meaning of the word *temonem*. From Cæsar he came down to Gray, the English poet, and cited the lines—

"Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,
The furrows oft their stubborn glebe hath broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bowed the wood beneath their sturdy stroke:"

and from Gray he came down to the far-famed "Bull Run" affair in the recent American civil way, a graphic account of which told that "the teamsters cut the traces of the horses."

The counsel for the farmer on the other hand, referred to Richardson's English Dictionary, and to Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, for support to the assertion that a team implies only the horses, not the vehicle also; and then he gave the following citations to the same effect, from Spenser:

"Thee a ploughman all unmeeting found,
As he his toilsome team that way did guide,
And brought thee up a ploughman's state to bide."

From Shakespeare:

"We fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream."

Again from Shakespeare:

"I am in love, but a team of horse shall
Not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love."

From Roscommon:

"After the declining sun
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way."

From Dryden:

"He heaved with more than human force to move
A weighty straw, the labor of a team."

Again from Dryden:

"Any number, and passing in a line
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings and cleave the liquid sky."

From Spenser's "Virgil":

"By this the night forth from the darksome bower
Of Erebus her teamed steed you call."

From Martineau:

"In stiff days they may plough an acre of wheat with a team of horse."

It may be regarded by some as strange, by others as quite in the natural order of things, that the learned judges themselves were divided as to their opinions. The diverse directions which their thoughts took are shown in the following remarks. Mr. Justice A—— said: "I think the duke has not made out his case so clearly as to sustain a forfeiture. In the modern sense of the term, the word 'team,' to say the least, does not clearly imply the cart as well as the horses. I think the meaning is that the farmer is to bring the horses, and do the work he is set to. Something must be added to the agreement to make sense of it. It might be said that it is not stipulated that the duke shall find the cart; but so neither is it stipulated that the farmer shall do so. And then it must be considered that the duke is to prescribe the work to be done. Now, the farmer can hardly bring the proper vehicle or tackle before he knows what the work is. Moreover, the agreement is, not to draw the coals, but to perform the team-work. If it had been to draw the coals, then the tenant would have to find the cart. But it is not so. The work to be done is not professedly confined to agricultural work. The work might be to draw timber, to carry coals, to draw a plough or harrow, or what not. In all these cases, the tackle or the vehicle would necessarily vary; and if in all these the tenant is to find it, the contract would be very oppressive. I think it is enough if the farmer sends the horse and the driver to be put to such service as the duke's agent may please. It is to be lamented that the contract was not made more clear: but, as the best consideration I can put upon the agreement, it does *not* mean that the tenant is to bring the cart." Mr. Justice B—— took nearly the same view. He adduced the following additional arguments: "No doubt it is a general leading principle that, if a man contracts absolutely to do a specific thing, he must do it, and must find the means to do it—such, for instance, as in the common mercantile case of a vendor contracting to sell goods 'free on board;' that is, to put them on board ship free of charge; in which case, of course, he must find lighters for the purpose. So here, if the contract had been to draw the coals, the farmer must find the cart as well as the horses. But here the duke is to define the work to be done, and it must be work proper to be done by a team of horses. It might be to break up a field, in which case the tenant might say, 'Here is my team, and I am ready to do the work, but where is the plough?'

"So, if he were set to draw timber, he might ask for clamps and chains to draw it with. And so, if he were asked to draw coals, he had a right to demand the cart; for it is impossible that the team should do all these varied kinds of work without the proper tackle and vehicles." All was not yet smoothly settled, however. If one big-wig is as good as another, then, Mr. Justice C—— had as much right to be heard as his learned brethren; and it turned out that his decision was favorable to the duke and adverse to the farmer. "I differ from my learned brethren," he said. "I think the farmer was bound to provide the cart. It might well be that the duke had not the proper vehicle to do the work. The farmer was to do the team-work, and he could not do it without the vehicle or tackle. The contract is not merely to furnish the horses and men, but to do the team-work; and this binds him to do and provide all that is necessary for such team-work."

We have traced this curious subject at some length, because it illustrates, not only the importance of precision in the selection of words to express our meaning, but also the large amount of useful information occasionally resulting from such discussions. The actual decision in the particular case concerned we need not dwell upon; indeed, the "glorious uncertainty of the law" threw the duke and the farmer into further litigation before they could settle the question. The jury of Oxford had decided for the duke; the judges of Westminster decided (two against one) for the farmer; but then it was determined (more to the advantage of the lawyers than of the parties concerned) that the case should be heard over again on some other plea, or under some other legal aspect.

Another instructive case, brought like the former before judicial tribunals, depended not on the meaning of a particular word, but on that of a particular comma,—or rather, whether a small spot of ink was a comma or not. A sum of no less than eight thousand pounds depended on the solution of this apparently trivial fact. We must ask the reader to rub up his French a little, to recall to his memory the use and meaning of certain short words in that language. A French gentleman made a will in which, among other bequests, he left handsome sums of money to his two nephews, Charles and Henri. The sums were equal in amount. When the testator died, and the will came to be proved, the nephews expected to receive two hundred thousand francs each, as their specific bequests. But the executors, or residuary legatees, or other persons interested in the remainder of the property (we need not go into the French form of these matters) disputed this, and said that each legacy was for *one* hundred thousand francs. The legatees pointed to the word *deux*. "No," said the executors, there is a comma or an apostrophe between the *d* and the *e*, making it *d'eux*." "Not so," rejoined Charles and Henri, "that is only a little blot of ink, having nothing to do with the actual writing. Let us put the two interpretations in juxtaposition,—

A chacun deux cent milles francs.
A chacun d'eux cent milles francs.

The first form means "to each two hundred thousand francs;" whereas the other had the very different meaning "to each of them a hundred thousand francs." This little mark (') made all the difference. The paper had been folded before the ink was dry; a few spots of ink had been transfixed from one side of the fold to the other; and the question was, whether the apparent or supposed apostrophe was one such spot. If French *avocats* are as keen-witted as English barristers, we may easily see what a rich harvest might be reaped from such a source. The legatees had very strong reasons—reasons many thousand pounds strong—for wishing that the little spot of ink might be merely a blot, but their opponents had equally strong reasons for wishing that the blot should be accepted as an apostrophe, a proposed and proper component element in the writing. The actual decision we need not trace here, seeing that a close inspection of the veritable piece of paper itself would be the only test.

It is all very well for the poet to decide that

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,"

but then we ought to know whether we all agree as to the form and particular meaning of the word "rose." At least half the money spent in litigation goes to settle these meanings of words. "Londres," and "Hospices," and "team," and "d'eux," are only single specimens of a very large class of ambiguities.

### A Brief Biography.

Perhaps the briefest personal memoirs ever written were the "Memoirs of Count Roptopchin," written in ten minutes. We subjoin a few paragraphs, each of which constitute a "chapter:

*My Birth.*—On the twelfth of March, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing for what.

*My Education.*—I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all sorts of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery, I sometimes passed for a savan. My head has become a library of old volumes, of which I keep the key.

*My Suffering.*—I was tormented by my masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, ambition, self-love, by useless regrets and by remembrances.

*Memorable Epochs.*—At the age of thirty I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the troubles of thinking; and I have now become a true sage or egotist, which is the same thing.

*Respectable Principles.*—I have never meddled with any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and, consequently, have never attempted the life of any one.

*My Dislikes.*—I have a dislike to softs and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust of affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, rhubarb, and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

*Analysis of my Life.*—I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the nobleman, but never the valet.

*My Epitaph.*—Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart and a used-up body. Ladies and gentlemen, pass on!

### The Woodpecker's Foresight.

The woodpecker in California is a storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in its position. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits acute foresight, and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated with rain is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow he would experience a difficulty, otherwise, in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red-wood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of wet trees; but so it is, that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

### Declivity of Rivers.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1,800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall these 800 feet in the long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1,000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that, in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.

☞ A tender-hearted railway engineer says he never runs over a man when he can help it, because "it musses up the track so."

## LOOKING INTO THE WELL.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I.

Up in the maples the robins sung,
The winds blow over the locusts high,
And along the path by their boughs o'erhung
We wandered gayly—Lulu and I—
Wandered along in pleasant talk,
Pausing our nursery tales to tell,
Till we came to the end of the shaded walk,
And sat, at last, by the moss-grown well.
She was a child, and so was I,
It mattered not that we told our love—
Whispered it there, with no one nigh
Save birds that sang in the trees above.
I looked down into her shy blue eyes,
She at my face in the shaded well;
I saw the glow to her fair cheek rise,
Like red in the heart of an ocean shell.

II.

Again in the trees the robins sung—
The gold had deepened upon her hair—
The locusts over the pathway hung,
To look at her face so still and fair.
I said no word—I sat by her side,
Contented to hold her hand in mine,
Dreaming of love and a fair young bride—
Visions that truth had made divine.
The robin's song took a clearer tone,
The sky was a tenderer, deeper blue;
Her face in the limpid waters shone,
I thought her eyes were holy and true.

III.

I walked alone to the shaded well,
When locusts bloomed in the next year's June—
The shadows along my pathway fell,
The wild birds sang a sorrowful tune.
She had given her shining hair's young gold,
Her holy brow and her eyes of blue,
The form I had scarcely dared to fold,
To a wealthy suitor who came to woo—
Sold, for jewels and land and name,
Youth and beauty and love and grace—
Alone I cursed the sin and shame,
And started to see my own dark face
Mirrored there in the well below,
With its haggard cheek and its lines of care,
Where I once had seen a girlish brow,
And shy blue eyes and golden hair.

IV.

Years have passed since that summer day
Went over the hills with its silent tread:
I walk alone where its glory lay—
I am lonely, and Lulu is dead.
Dust is thick on her shining hair,
A shroud is folded across her breast,
The winds blow over the locusts where
She lies at last, alone and at rest.
Youth and beauty, and love and grace,
Wealth and station, joy and pain;
If she dream at all in that lonely place,
She will know, at length, that her life was vain.

V.

I do not think of her heart's disgrace,
Looking into the waters there,
For I seem to see once more a face
With shy blue eyes and golden hair.
Out among men she walks by my side—
For me she lives whom the world calls dead—
I talk at night to my shadow bride,
And pillow in dreams her golden head.
They broke her heart—so the gossips tell—
Who sold her hand for wealth and a name;
But I see her face in the cool, deep well,
And its virginal beauty is still the same.

## LORD ULSWATER.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

LOYE GOES OUT.

Of all the stock in trade and properties, using the latter word *strictly* in its theatrical sense, which the enchanters of the middle ages were reputed to possess, perhaps the magic mirror was the most tempting. Such a wondrous glass for instance, as that by the help of which Cornelius Agrippa showed fair Geraldine to enamored Surrey, or as that in which the sage Nostradamus gave Raymond, Count of Toulouse, a glimpse of the interior of his own princely household as it was when his sovereign back was turned. Our modern Magi, of the Polytechnic and elsewhere, are too honest, perhaps, to work such wonders; they take all the world into their confidence, and there is no use in a secret that has to be shared with the entire shilling-paying public.

But imagine an advertising optician who should be able to offer for sale a very limited number of magic mirrors, warranted to reproduce any desired scene with fidelity and dispatch—mirrors in which a man might see, imaged forth, the wife of his bosom, or his graceless heir, backing the red at Baden; or his highly respected banker making ducks and drakes of the securities in his hands; or the real state of affairs in his kitchen, cellar, and butler's pantry: mirrors that would reveal to the jealous wife why and how it was that her consort was so long detained at chambers or in the city; that would show Sir Richard Mayne, sitting quietly in his room at Scotland Yard, the whereabouts of the decamping murderer; and that would give a statesman the inestimable privilege of peering over the shoulder of some distinguished foreign diplomatist as he pens the note on which hangs peace or war. What a price might such specula command, and how fiercely would the purchasers fight, tooth and nail, to be first at the counter, as the French stockbuyers fought to get Law's Mississippi shares, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. To no one, possibly, would such a mirror have been more dearly welcome than to John Carnac, Lord Ulswater. Dangers were hemming him in, drawing near to him, gathering, as the clouds gather, when a storm is at hand. Some of these sources of peril he knew or divined, but there was one quarter, and one alone from which the threatening hurricane that should make shipwreck of his life might be expected to blow. There was one person in the world whom he feared, if fear be not too strong a word to use with reference to that daring man—there was one person whom he had cause to fear; and it would have been of priceless benefit to him, could he, by aid of such a glass as has been spoken of, have seen what was going on in Cecil Street, Strand.

It was the forenoon of the day succeeding that on which the *Blackcap*'s crew had been paid off in the port of London, and the young husband and wife who had come to England on board her, so near, and yet so utterly apart during all those many weeks of sea and sky, were together in the oblong slip of a horse-hair furnished sitting-room, which Mrs. Britton styled a drawing-room, and the maid spoke of as the one-pair front.

Loye had her bonnet on, and was prepared to go out; but James Sark was not to go, and it was precisely on this account that his wife lingered. Confinement to the house, to a man of his activity, was but one step removed from jail; and though it was probable that, should he stir abroad, some myrmidon of the law, in or out of the hateful police uniform, might tap him on the shoulder, it was evident that he was half inclined to run the risk. He moved restlessly to and fro like a caged animal, gazed out of the window, drummed upon the glass, and cast longing looks upwards at the blue sky and the fleecy clouds that the reek of London summer smoke could not quite hide.

"Now, James, promise!"—she looked coaxingly in his face, as she drew from a trunk an armful of miscellaneous objects, and spread them carefully, almost reverently, upon the loo-table—"Jem, promise me!"

The man whom Captain Bartletop had prized so highly as a sailor, and who was beginning to feel less stiff and awkward in his funereal suit of black broad-cloth, looked quite piteously at his wife.

"I shall cut my throat, Loys, before you get back. Do think what a change it is, Ises. Nothing to do, and that's about the very hardest work I know of. I'd give twenty pounds to hear the call of 'Tumble up, all hands, to take in sail on her!' as when we were off the Horn, you remember. The frozen ropes cut a chap's hands to bits that night, but we got her under storm-sails, and made all snug, and that was better fun than being shut up here alone."

"Now, dear," said his wife, with that air of ineffably superior wisdom which sits so prettily on pretty women—"now, Jem, I've been thinking of that. Here"—and she opened a thick portfolio—"are your sketches; and I so want you to finish that of the cattle-station and the one of the native camp, before Australia fades out of your mind. Here are the colors, and here are the brushes, and the palette, and water in a glass. Here, too, are the diagrams, and the compasses, and the tiny little tool-chest, and the box with the models—and you know how anxious you were about the patent. I shan't be long away, Jem, and you have plenty to do while I'm away."

Yes, it was quite true. To very strange persons does Art reveal herself, and one of those to whom she had deigned to unveil was James Sark. The whole amount of tuition as a draughtsman which the man had had might well have been paid for, and perhaps was paid for, in nobblers at the bar of an Australian tavern, but he was a born artist.

To look upon those tasteful, delicate, well-executed sketches, some in pencil, others in water-color, but all of much merit, good in design, and very patiently wrought out in detail, it would have seemed but half credible that they were the work of one at war with the society that he had wronged. Those sea-pieces, in which the sails and hulls stood so well against the background of lurid sky, or in which the opalescent hues of the sleeping tropic ocean were so faithfully rendered—those scenes of bush-life, where the plunging horses, the terrified cattle, the screaming eagle rushing overhead, the group of wild riders around the bivouac fire, were so truly and vividly drawn—whence did an outcast like this derive a love of nature so sincere and so strong?

On the table, near the sketches lay a heap of diagrams, some very small tools fit for a gnome to labor with, and one or two unfinished working-models of machinery. That Sark had considerable mechanical skill could be more easily guessed than that he was capable of producing water-color drawings of such taste. There was something in the sparkle and quick turn of his hazel eyes, something in the pliant power of his long supple thumbs, that indicated a deft handicraftsman. But he could invent as well as execute. The models were his own. The diagrams were due to his own thought and toil, and they were labor-saving and money-saving inventions—his—such as the world willingly rewards. Decidedly, it was a pity that James Sark should have been a thief.

A thief! a thief! It is an ugly, mean-sounding, stinging word, and he did not like it; but he was a thief by habit and by repute; and, what was worse, he was a transgressor against knowledge. He was not one of those who, like poor savage Bendigo Bill, had run to waste, veritable human wild oats, bitter to the taste. James Sark, reared in an honest home, removed from the pinch of poverty, and unspoiled by contact with temptation as a boy, had gone wrong out of sheer wilfulness. Then, once in the bad groove, he had been too proudly obstinate to come back to the right way, and presently the door—so it seemed to him—of mercy had been closed. He was a black-sheep, and society would have none of him.

He could probably have earned an honest livelihood in any one of half-a-dozen different ways, with about a fourth of the toil which his evil vocation imposed upon him. As it was, those adroit fingers, that could wield the camel-hair brush, or use the graver and file so dexterously, had been compelled to pick oakum, and make rope-mats. As it was, that sinewy right arm, that could haul home a topsail-sheet in a manner that won the good-will of Captain Bartletop, or ply a hammer and forge horse-shoes to the delight of colonial smiths, had spent much of its force in turning the dull unmeaning crank within prison walls. In hiding, in escapes, in profitless plunder, the man's energies had been flung away, worse than uselessly.

It was not all his fault, he thought; but he was wrong. The world had been harsh to him, no doubt; but then it was not the world's business to make things smooth, and plain, and pleasant for a vagarant ne'er-do-well such as he. The shepherds saw in him but a tainted sheep drawing dangerously near to the sound flock, and they rose up to stone him. He had some good in him still—some tenderness, some faithfulness. Those who knew him best said that Dandy Jem had a soft spot in his heart, with all his fiery readiness to revenge an injury. He was true to the code of honor among thieves, sold no one's blood or liberty, never cheated a pal, never did a thing gratuitously cruel. Negative merits; but then the man was not a good man; he was among the lost.

He sat down now, more to please his wife than because he was inclined for the occupation, ground some colors upon the clean surface of the palette, dipped his brushes in water, and began to touch and alter his sketch of the native camp, an admirable piece of drawing, in which the mop-headed, scowling blacks, the women crouching under the gunyo, the dusky little heathen urchins hurling their mimic spears, or begging for small coin at the stirrup of the bearded stock-rider that had reined up his horse, were life-like in their distinctness. Meanwhile, Loys had adjusted the shawl upon her shoulders, and was drawing on her gloves.

"You'll promise me, then, Jem?" she said, when ready to go.

"I promise and vow—no; but it's all serene. I won't so much as peep out of the front door till you come back, Ises. Don't be long; and, hark ye, don't tell that Moss more than you must. He knows which side his bread is buttered, and won't split; but his chattering clerks might hear, you know." Pledging herself to discretion, the wife left the room, and presently the sound of the closing street-door told that she had left the house. Sark sat still, with the paint-brush in his hand, adding here a dash of color to the flaming Australian sunset, there a deeper shadow to the dark vista between the gum-trees. As he plied his brush, his thoughts were busy. Scenes far other than that which he was depicting rose before his mental vision, grew clear and distinct, and then died away, like the changeful hues of the chameleon.

He saw the white, low-roofed manse, with dark ivy creeping over all its western front, in a dingle fringed with feathery brushwood, high up in a mountain valley in the Isle of Man. That was the house in which he had been born; and that gray-headed, upright old man in threadbare black, leaning on a crutch-stick as he moved slowly among his beehives and his flowers, or read grim theological folios in the arbor above the stream, hearkening to the murmur of the bees, and the clack of the mill in the glen below, was his father. No minister was more respected, in or out of the pulpit, than he; but he was an austere man, singularly severe towards human frailty, and ill fitted to break in so random a colt as young James Sark had been to run meekly in harness.

He saw these things, and more. While his mother had lived, all had gone on with tolerable smoothness. She had stood between the boy and his good, stern father; and had screened him from many a reproof and many a punishment. She died. James Sark was wild then, but not wicked. His faults were those of unruly youth, nothing more. Truant, ringleader in mischief, idler—he was all of these things, but no thief. His father never understood him. In theory, the old minister was a domestic Draco. With him, no offence was venial. It really seemed as if the old man were of another species as compared with his son, who appeared to have quicksilver in his veins, and was always restless, noisy, petulantly busy with everything but his books.

He saw himself at sea, tossing about on the rough waves, and learning to know every rope in a ship, and every rock, shoal, and current around stormy Mona. There were two seafaring men, his mother's kinsmen, one of whom was a pilot; the other, a grizzled fisher, commodore, so-called, of the Manx fleet of herring-boats. These two were always willing to take the high-mettled lad on board, and teach him seamanship. He longed to be a sailor, while his father designed him for the ministry. Thence the jar of opposing wills—quarrels, reproaches, harshness, a miserable home. Presently, young James ran away, and went to sea—a rebel. He shipped at low wages on board a Liverpool ship, bound for China; and for four years was knocked about in the far East, sailing in all manner of vessels, some of which were honest merchantmen, some smuggling craft, and one or two not much better than pirates. Then he had sunstroke, and was robbed of the few dollars he had saved, and was in hospital at Singapore, and coming out penniless, was sent home as a distressed British subject.

The prodigal was ashamed to go home and ask pardon. He wrote, but the letter remained unanswered. Ragged and desperate, he fell into evil company as he prowled hungrily about the seaport where he had been set ashore, and then came his first robbery—a share in the stealing of copper from a ship-builder's yard; and then a second and a third crime, followed by detection, trial, conviction. He left the prison—his had been a light sentence—with a wish to reform; but the good shunned him, his father had renounced him, he could never show his face in Man again, and only the wicked welcomed him among them. Thenceforth, he went on steadily along the broad, black, downward road of ruin.

Jail chaplains were sorry for Sark, but ended by giving him up as a hopeless case—a brand that refused to be snatched from the burning. He had a sort of honor; he had very strong feelings. His cleverness was surprising; and his ability as a musician, an artist, and a mechanician, very remarkable. But his talents ran waste. In picking locks, in coining false money, in engraving plates for counterfeit notes, in prison-breaking, the man's adroitness spent itself, to the injury of himself and others. Then he met Loye Fleming or Fletcher, and married her—she well knowing him to be what he was; he aware that there was a black shadow of the Past resting upon her memory, although, when by chance he made her acquaintance, she was earning her living humbly and honestly by the fine needle-work and embroidery in which she excelled.

It was a marriage that promised well at first. Loys had sincerely wished her husband to be an honest man, and she was doing her best to wean him from wicked associates and perilous enterprises, when he was thrown into prison for his share in a bygone robbery, and presently convicted, and shipped to a penal settlement, where his wife rejoined him. He was back in England now, a runaway transport, liable to instant arrest, and summary punishment.

He was back in England, and not without a motive, deeper and more urgent than the wish to be free from police supervision. There was a secret known to him and to Loys, and to them alone, that would surely prove a mine of gold, a secret that was worth a great ransom, either way, and which, if disclosed, would carry with it the luxury of a great revenge. Of these things the man thought, as he plied his brush in the quiet lodgings in Cecil street, Strand.

Meanwhile, dark-eyed Loye, demure and neat, almost to ascetic simplicity, in her demeanor and dress, made her way on foot, with a light swift tread, along the roaring thoroughfares eastward. The seething tide of London life rippled and chafed around her, but she went steadily on, without so much as one curious glance at the swarming foot-passengers on the gritty pavements, at the incessant procession of vehicles pouring along the streets, at the shop-windows, every one of which, with its broad plate-glass front and tempting display of goods, outshone the united splendors of all the stores in a township of Western Australia. Her own thoughts, it might have been supposed, had any observer, to whom her antecedents were known, been present to note the expression of her compressed lips, and the lowering gloom of her dark eyes, dwelt more upon the vengeance which was in one scale of the balance than upon the profit in the other. Suddenly, her countenance cleared, as a cloud rolls away from a sunny sky, and there was a world of tenderness in her mellowed gaze, a world of tenderness in her voice, as she murmured: "It is for him, dear lad, for him!—my poor Jem!"

By this time she was at the corner of the Old Jewry, and soon her nimble feet brought her to the well-known door, on the post of which was painted the name of Mr. N. Moss, while the same name glimmered brassily on the burnished door-plate. Tripping up the steps, she laid her gloved hand upon the bell-pull. As she did so, a person passing by, an old man, with grizzly whiskers, with a battered hat and frowsy great-coat wrapped about him, an old man with a wonderful resemblance to a gray old rat, stopped and stared her in the face. "You here, Missis!" he said with no apparent surprise.

"Why, Professor? why, Brum?" cried the young woman aghast.

"Ah! you thought old Brum t' other side the world, Missis, did ye?" whizzed the old man. "No, no.—But, my dear, if I were you, I'd not ring that well; not if I knew it. A nod's as good as a wink, eh?"

And they stood, silent, face to face.

### CHAPTER XXV.

THE PICNIC AT ST. PAGANS.

The fourth of August, long looked forward to by the younger and more enthusiastic of the invited guests, came at last, and it was a fine day. For once, the discontented proverb which connects a British picnic with umbrellas and goloshes was signally put to shame. The sun began his triumph in a sky without a cloud.

A glorious day. There was just enough breeze to prevent the bright-colored little flags of the Shellton-on-Sea pleasure-boats, arow upon the beach, from drooping like bunches of red or blue driftweed against the mast. But there was not wind enough to fill the white sails of those jaunty shallops, flatteringly entitled the *Delight*, the *Calypso*, the *Frolic*, and so forth—snares for the sea-sick Londoner. The spreading sea itself, purple and gold upon the shallows and rocky reefs inshore, was green and smooth beyond, and, on the horizon, of darkest purple.

Picnics are very variously considered by different members of the human race, and they even vary so much, one from another, that it is hard to class them together. There are picnics of herbs, with much love and fun, and honest enjoyment, even as there are *fêtes champetres*, where the most succulent of stalled oxen cannot atone for the hatred, the weariness, and the boredom that supply the sauce. Six or eight worthy people, a family group, supplemented by a few friends, may be seen under a tree, or on a breezy hill, quite happy over the bread and sausages which they have providently brought with them, wrapped in a couple of clean blue cotton handkerchiefs, and quite merry with the help of the beer in the stone bottle that Joe or Richard has carried all the way as carefully as if it had been a baby. Again, you may be present at splendid banquets in the midst of lovely prospects, where the dinner is served on plate, under a tent, and eaten to soft music, and with dancing in store, and flirtations rife, and all that money can do to make an afternoon's gipsying comfortable; and yet, it may be that there shall be suppressed yawns, and flagging spirits, and stealthy consultation of watches; that the great talkers shall be vapid or sulky; the chief belle gloomy as a thunder-cloud, because the wrong gentleman sat beside her at dinner, or because an opposition beauty has a more tasteful toilet, or some clumsy person has spilled gravy on her muslin, as the case may be.

It would be a paradox to assert that the standard is always thus. There is no necessary connection between sandwiches, home-made wines, and happiness; nor is there a mystic bond of union between Clicquot's champagne, game-pies, plovers' eggs, blanc-mange, and spleenful moodiness. But every very grand gathering of the sort is sure to comprise a number of persons who abhor picnics as a matter of principle, and who do not much contribute, when kidnapped into the undertaking, to the general enjoyment or harmony. The Right Honorable Robert was one of these. According to his philosophy, the whole thing was a mistake, a superstition, a pitiful excuse for eating a bad dinner out of doors; or if not quite that, at least for eating it in some marquee, in the worst inn's worst room, in a summer-house, in a dungeon or other damp apartment in a ruined castle or abbey, with every facility for adding the pains of lumbago to the torments of indigestion.

Yet, the gouty statesman, urged by his wife, who thought she saw in Lord Ulswater a political proselite, and unwilling to show a slight to kind Lady Harriet, agreed to go. There was one extenuating circumstance in the case, as he very justly remarked: the picnic was not a picnic; it was not even a rural fete. There was not the slightest valid reason—so it seemed to the matter-of-fact cabinet minister—why the festivities should take place in the ruins, instead of in the inhabited part of the abbey. But the young ladies, and some other ladies not exactly young, but whose romance had outlived their bloom, had been passionate partisans of the ruins from the very first mention of the project. Mr. Hastings therefore growlingly submitted.

There was only one flaw in the programme—the inevitable absence of the bridegroom-elect, William Morgan, whose name the telegraph wires were now transmitting over the length and breadth of the land, as knight of the shire for Oakshire. The poll had but just closed: the returning-officer's report was but just made public. Sorely against his will, the new member must wait for the chaining of the morrow; and it was by no means probable that he would be able decently to elude the complimentary banquet with which his supporters threatened him, and reach Shellton in time to join Lord Ulswater's party. Ten to one, William Morgan would be absent; but, beyond the proper expression of conventional regret, even that misfortune seemed one that caused little vexation. "Poor William; how tired he must be!" Flora Hastings had said when she read the hasty lines of the telegram; and that was all.

A splendid day. Habitual croakers, belonging to that tribe of old half-pay and no-pay majors and captains, sleeping-partners in banks, and clergymen retired, on their wives' means, from active pulpit-work, that abounded at Shellton, went about tapping the barometers, and prophesying evil. It was a gaudy morning, they said, and a gay morning, and a morning too bright by half; and before sundown, a deluge of rain might be expected to give wet jackets, by Jove, to the fine folks at my lord's picnic—a consummation of which the bilious old gentleman spoke with a truculent sort of enjoyment. But they were wrong. The day continued fine.

The hours of picnics vary almost as much as does the style of the feast. There is the wild mountain scramble up the windy passes of Wales or Cumberland, for which the cars, and carriages, and sturdy ponies must be ready as soon as breakfast is over; the languid afternoon drive to Twickenham or Hampton; the torch-light picnic at midnight, most weird and picturesque of all, on the peak of some Apennine crag, within a mule-ride of the Lucca Baths. The assembling of the guests at St. Pagans was fixed, very judiciously, at not too early a period of the day. It is bad policy to give one's friends time to grow tired of each other.

Accordingly, as the sun began to slope very perceptibly along the western coast-line of cliffs, the silver white line of which gradually turned to flaming golden battlements, such as might have walled in a heavenly city, the stream of carriages set in upon the chalky down-road to the abbey. There would be a fair full moon that night, and the air was so balmy and warm that no one needed to be in a hurry to get away. Carriage after carriage set down its living load under the shadow of the cool stone porch, above which St. Paganus, with mitre, and crosier, and crook, and the abbatical ring on his finger, looked grimly down upon the tide of invading lace and crinoline, and fairy Paris bonnets, as it went by. The invited mustered strongly. In addition to the contingent from Shellton Manor, to the garrison of St. Pagans, where Gunnesley Fitzgeorge, Chirper, and the other curled darlings of fashion, now lent the weight of their encouragement to the proceedings, there were sundry country notables, who tried very hard to seem quite at their ease in conversing with the Season celebrities; and there were several of the more presentable officers from the barracks at Shellton; and two or three curates.

Everybody was in good spirits, or feigned to be, in deference to the majority; and even Lady Harriet had thawed to an extent unprecedented, and was not merely kind, but almost genial. It was a great day for St. Pagans—she felt that, and looked forward to many and many a pleasant retrospect of it, long after the old house should have returned to its normal dullness under her sober sway. The stiff-backed, soft-hearted old dame unbent just sufficiently to enable her to play the part of hostess admirably well, with an antique courtesy in perfect keeping with the stern magnificence of that austere ecclesiastical mansion. And people looked and admired, and were charmed with everything: with the tapestry; the oratory where my lord abbot had knelt at his private prayers; the refectory; the Tower Room, overhanging the giddy cliff; the great monkish kitchen, into which some prying Fatima actually peeped, albeit it looked anything but medieval now, being fitted with long ranges of French stoves and ovens, whereat foreign-faced cooks, with white caps on their short, wiry, dark hair, toiled with porcelain-lined saucepans and stewpans, chattering in Provencale the while. All these had their meed of praise.

It was delightful to think that they were actually going to dine out of doors, in those beautiful ruins, of which they had caught a glimpse as they drove up, where the shattered Lady Chapel stood as yet, a thing of beauty, and where the crumbling walls of the pilgrim-house were embroidered with gold and green lichens and mosses, and draped with foxgloves, and odorous with sweetbrier and woodbine. And then the Monk—how Dora Warburton and the others gave pretty little shrieks of mock-terror, as it was explained to them where he had last been seen, and along which of the passages he was most prone to glide with sandalled feet that made no sound. How deliciously dreadful to dine among those dear ruins, where, they said, the ghostly music was heard to peal, and the spectral tapers were seen to gleam, when sorrow was to fall on the House of Carnac, and whence the sad, sweet sound of the long-dead friars, singing the mass, came bodingly to the ears of their supplanters. How very nice it all was!

Flora Hastings was of a rare beauty on that evening. There was a softness in her clear, blue eyes that added to her charms, and at the same time she had that look of intelligent loveliness so hard to paint, so hard to describe, which a woman who is quite fancy-free never possesses—the look that denotes the awakening of the heart within. Of such signs as these, Mrs Hastings, good, worldly creature, took no note. Her daughter's earthly prosperity was assured by her engagement, and she was by far too discreet a parent to ask whether the alternate sparkle and dreamy pensiveness in Flora's eyes might or might not be attributed to the expected return of the man whom she was to marry.

Lord Ulswater did his duty as host gracefully and well, in the modern style of hospitality, which improves upon the theory of those Arab Amphitryons who were ready to serve up their best falcon, nicely roasted, or to make a savory stew of the peerless colt, for which thousands of purses had been offered in vain, rather than send a stranger to bed supperless. Those liberal Bedouins were fussy, self-assertive hosts after all, and certain to thrust handfuls of pilau or kabobs into a guest's mouth, instead of waiting to let him feed himself by the aid of his own fingers. But the perfection of modern manners demands that a model entertainer should give up his house, and cellar, and stables, and all that is his, to sack and fire if need be, and look unobtrusively on while his friends do as it seems good to them. Self-government prevails in social as in political life, and a masterly inaction is the wisest policy that the new breed of Old English Gentlemen can pursue.

"No chance of seeing Morgan, I am afraid?" said Lord Ulswater, smiling, to Mr. Hastings.

"Not the least. He must have missed the 12.50, and cannot be here to-night. No use in waiting for him," returned the Right Honorable Robert.

"Then we need not give him any further law!" said Lord Ulswater, moving away. And almost immediately afterwards the gong sounded, deep and hollow, the not unwelcome summons to the banquet among the ruins.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SCANDAL AT ST. PAGANS.

"The thing was well done. Not much in my line, of course, you know; but Ulswater did it dooced well, I could see that." Such was the

opinion which Chirper of the Life Guards and Crashaw of the Blues were good enough afterwards to express to different audiences, in language that was all but identical. Without a doubt, they were right; the thing was well done. To have fixed the *venue* of the picnic among the actual ruins of the chapel itself would have been an outrage against good taste of which the founder of the feast was not likely to be guilty. But part of the shell of the pilgrim-house was yet standing, and there was space enough within its limits, not merely for the dinner, but for the dance as well. The night for the entertainment had been admirably chosen, for there was not only room sufficient, but the breaches in the time-ruined walls were just such as an artist would have desired them to be. To seaward yawned a great gap in the masonry, giving a far-stretching view over the expanse of sun-lit waters; while, on the other hand, one complete end of the building had long since fallen, and thus afforded a clear prospect of the remains of the Lady Chapel, its glassless oriel and exquisitely-carved groins, and the fluted pillars that had resisted age and weather. All around were fragments of sturdy wall still standing, mixed with heaps of rubbish, huge stones, mounds of brickwork overgrown by a short turf, depressions in the earth, where old vaults, long filled up, had been, and pavements cropping up here and there above the nettles and the fern fronds.

Within the pilgrim-house, much had been done for the accommodation of the company. A floor, for instance, had been laid down—a floor of smooth, dark oak, that had been rubbed and planed, and waxed, and polished till it was as bright as a Venice mirror, and as slippery as ice, tempting to the dancers expectant. The low, long tables were good imitations of those which were once employed in the halls of feudal castles; and, strong as they looked, with their black trestles and massive boards, could as easily be removed piecemeal when a clear space was desirable. The seats were arranged in a kind of irregular amphitheatre of a horse-shoe shape, and were so contrived as to resemble mossy banks, being covered with green velvet, and so padded and cushioned as to be comfortable without destroying the illusion. The higher end or arch of the horse-shoe table—that at which the elders of the party chiefly congregated—was sheltered from possible sun or wind by a tent—no common-place marquee, with its associations of cricket-matches, Volunteer reviews, and so forth; but a Moorish pavilion, with its broad barbaric stripes of orange, and purple, and white—such a pavilion as a wandering Emir might pitch upon the slopes of Atlas, or such as a Crusader might have been supposed to have brought back with him from Syria—no unfit gift to the good monks of St. Pagans.

There were flowers in profusion around—blossomed sprays twining around the shattered columns of the gray pilgrim-house—rose-banks blooming among the scraps of standing wall and the prostrate shafts and capitals; there were lamps that began to sparkle like glowworms as the daylight faded in the west, and as the shadows deepened; and a band of concealed musicians had been posted in a well-contrived ambuscade among the extensive ruins. The dinner and the wine were superlatively good: the servants did their spiriting gently; the thing was well done.

"I never," said the Right Honorable Robert, "liked a picnic before." And this, from him, was great praise. Many of the other guests were a good deal more voluble in their expressions of delighted wonder. How Lord Ulswater had managed so wonderfully, in so short a time, to effect so much, unless a fairy had aided him, puzzled the ladies who had seen the place before. The Eleusinians were less astonished. Everything is to be bought for money in London, as they very well knew; even Moorish tents and medieval decorations can be conjured out of that vasty deep by the magic of the chequebook; but not without trouble; and it was strange to them that John Carnac should have cared to take so much trouble.

Well as the repast was served, and gratuitous as was the gay pretence of "roughing it," which some of the younger guests, instigated by Lord Ulswater and his especial friends, kept up, something of the character of a picnic, of an unconventional *impromptu* meal, was preserved. Thus, the champagne went round more often and more late than was customary—up to the very verge of the dessert, indeed; and the foaming, leaping wine seemed to sympathize with the general buoyancy of spirit that prevailed. The whole affair was something new; and there is always an excitement in novelty. Then, when dinner was over, and coffee had been sipped, and the tables were gone as by enchantment, no long pause ensued before the band began to play dance-music; and the wild, dreamy, yet stirring waltz-notes exercised their usual power over the young pulses that bounded responsive to the summons. The dance began.

"Dance—and dinner just over! Thank you!" Gunnesley Fitzgeorge had said when first the monstrous proposition was put before him in its naked horror. Handsome Gunnesley Fitzgeorge, in spite of the brilliance of his whiskers and the trimness of his waist, was not quite so youthful as he had been when D'Orsay reigned in London. To twirl, and revolve, and perform Terpsichorean evolutions immediately after dinner, was more than he had courage for. But Macdirk, Chirper, and the rest, had no such scruples: they were all able-bodied dandies, young and active as yet; and besides, there existed in the minds of the Eleusinians a notion that their ally, Ulswater, wished them to enjoy themselves, and to be the cause of enjoyment to their partners, and they were too good-natured to hang back. As for the Shelton officers, they went into the mazy dance with all the honest alacrity of school-boys on a holiday.

The residue of the invited either conversed together in groups, looked on at the young folks amusing themselves, as many of them, having marriageable daughters spinning about with some subaltern or young squire, in the waltz, were bound to do, or rambled about the ruins. By this time the lamps were alight, and it was dusk, and the soft murmur of the sea was like the breathing of a giant in his sleep, rising hollow from the cliff-foot. The Right Honorable Robert went to sleep, too, and no one dared to wake him. Mrs. Hastings had a little court of county ladies around her, and was doing her very best to win their hearts and impress their imaginations by her interest in their schools, their villages, and their clergy, while at the same time she talked familiarly to them of great people whom they only knew by newspaper report. Mrs. Hastings, to borrow an Americanism, never thought of time or labor lost in "stumping" the provinces on behalf of the ministry.

By no means every abstainer from dancing was elderly. Besides Gunnesley Fitzgeorge, there were several drones in the hive. The curates, of course. One or two young gentlemen of neglected education, who knew as much of round dances as of Euclid. Young Warburton, who could not procure a partner. Add to these a captain from Shelton, who preferred flirting to waltzing, and who had persuaded a live heiress to "sit out" a dance with him; and Lord Ulswater. All of these, with certain young ladies who were too serious in their views to dance, and so naturally paired off with the curates, or who had not been asked, or were indifferent to the amusement, sauntered by twos and threes about the ruins, admired the prospect, quoted or listened to scraps of Browning and Tennyson (*Locksley Hall* was invaluable just then, and the "cousin shallow-hearted" was brought in with tremendous effect,) and behaved very much as people usually do under such circumstances.

The lights twinkled here and there like so many fire-flies that had been driven by stress of weather into our cold latitudes. But they were not too numerous. Many another man in Lord Ulswater's place would have given *carte blanche* to a Cockney decorator, who would have stuck a few hundred colored lamps in every available niche among the ruins, and given a garish, tawdry, Vauxhall aspect to the whole place. Those few bright specks of flame, however, like crescents that some of the old monks had left neglected among the stones, added to the effect instead of marring it. The sun had gone down, down to the sky-line, where only a red glow remained upon the western sea. Above, the evening star had come trembling forth, with its pointed silvery light; and the cold glitter of the moon was beginning to throw a whiteness on the waveless waters. It was very lovely and still, the oncoming of that summer night.

"Flora!" She did not start away from him as he said it, but she shook her hand from his arm, where it had lightly rested a moment before, and stood beside him in silence, looking at the ground. He had never called her by her Christian name before.

They two—the master of St. Pagans and Miss Hastings—had strayed apart from the rest, and were now standing on the smooth turf at the very brink of the cliff, beyond the chapel, screened from the sight of any member of the company, it might have been thought, by the remains of the chapel itself. Above them, rose up the gabled wall, still able to bid defiance to the gales of winter, with the delicate tracery of the beautiful oriel window, looking like so much stone cordage against the flushed western sky, darkening fast. By this time the wind was beginning to blow light and chill, and the stragglers were dropping in gradually to join the general assemblage.

"Flora—I *may* call you so, may I not? It is only for once, remember! Soon, very soon, we must see each other no more, or if we meet, it must be as strangers," said Lord Ulswater, with a bitterness and depth of feeling in his rich voice that made his words carry weight to the listener's ear. From another, what he had said might have seemed an impertinence, but it was seriously said, and received as it was spoken.

"I—I do not know—that is, I did not know. I should be sorry if—if—" She broke down here, faltering like some inexperienced miss who has to give "yes or no" to her papa's curate. Yet she had been a ruling belle through the brunt of two London seasons, and had held her own in talk with real and pretended suitors. They stood very quietly, those two, for a long minute. The blithe music reached their ears like something out of a dream.

"It is all my own fault, I know," said Lord Ulswater gloomily, half turning away, and grinding the broken mortar of a fragment of masonry beneath the heel of his boot; "and it is only just that the pain and the suffering should be all mine. I ought to have gone away long ago, weeks and weeks ago. Why should I stay, like a fool, hanging about your house, watching, longing for a word or a smile from you, as I have done? I tell you I was an idiot. That star overhead is not more out of my reach than the only woman I ever loved in my life." He said this almost as if speaking to himself, not at all as if seeking for pity, but with a sort of suppressed anger and anguish very painful to a woman's ear, still more so to that of one who loved.

Miss Hastings had lost all color by this time; pale and beautiful, she stood shyly by Lord Ulswater's side, and looked down at the turf, at the shimmering sea, which the moon was now dappling with scales of silver, but she said nothing for a long interval. Then she spoke in a quick, agitated voice: "I will not—I mean I cannot affect to misunderstand. I believe you think that—that—" The words seemed to choke her; she turned her eyes to his face, almost imploringly.

"That I love you. Yes, I do think that," he said, in a tone that was all but fierce. "I suffer too much to have many doubts on that score. And you are to marry Mr. Morgan. So much the worse—for me, at anyrate," he added, with a concentrated bitterness in his accents, and averted his head.

"Cannot we be friends?" she said, with streaming eyes and a vain effort to be calm. "Cannot we be dear friends?"

"That can scarcely be," he answered: "no good ever yet came of such friendships. And I am not wicked enough or selfish enough to wish that evil should come of your innocent wish not to part for ever from one who understood you, and who gained the power of understanding because he loved."

Then another long space of silence, as it seemed, and then Miss Hastings spoke.

"I am so sorry," she said—"so sorry, I mean, for the pain that—that it seems I have been so unfortunate—altogether it is very sad—but it is too late now." She looked down at the ground, and her color rose and fell, and her heart beat quickly, flutteringly, as if its instinct had warned it that the crisis was at hand.

Lord Ulswater turned eagerly towards her, and bent his head so that he might look into her face. "It is not too late," he exclaimed with a fire and earnestness that almost frightened her—"it is never too late so long as the lying vows have not been spoken before the altar; so long as the base barter of beauty for wealth is not completed. Save yourself, Flora: there is yet time. Refuse to be bought and sold for this man's money; fling aside the bribes, and baits, and vile gold-worship of those who mean to deck you like a lamb for the sacrifice. I love you! I ask you to be my wife." He took her hand as he spoke, and bending over her, looked full into her eyes, where the tears stood thickly now. She trembled very much, but made no effort to release her hand.

"Oh, this is wrong—wrong," she murmured; "but they made me promise. I—I did not know—"

"You know now, dearest," he said, in the same tone of passionate earnestness; "you know it would be a sin to marry him, caring the while for me; for you do love me. Flora, darling, dearest, say but one word, "Yes," and you shall be my wife, if all the world stood to bar our way. Speak to me, my own!"

He had knelt upon a moss-grown fragment of stone, the better to look into her tearful eyes; and his arm stole round her waist. The music of the distant band abruptly ceased, but neither of those two noted the cessation of the melody. John Carnac's ear was strained to catch the one word, so longed for, from his companion's lips. Twice she tried to speak, and twice the listener hearkened in vain. At last the one word was spoken, low and tremulous, but distinct—"Yes."

"Flora, my own, now—they cannot—" Lord Ulswater raised his voice incautiously as he uttered this speech, never to be completed.

"By what right, Lord Ulswater, do you dare to address Miss Hastings thus?" broke in an angry voice, a voice so shrill and harsh with furious rage, that neither of the startled auditors would have recognized it, had not William Morgan's white angry face appeared over Flora's shoulder; and not alone. Mrs. Hastings was there, and Crashaw, and Miss Warburton and her brother, and three or four others, among whom were Lord Macdirk and Gunnesley Fitzgeorge. It was an utter and signal a discomfiture and surprise as has often befallen a pair of lovers.

It was a feminine *enfant terrible*, a dreadful little girl of twelve, in a short frock and blue sash, daughter of one of the county gentlemen, whose sharp eyes and sharp tongue had been the immediate cause of the mischief. When Fortunatus Morgan quite unexpectedly made his appearance towards the close of the festivities, having travelled from Oakshire by special train in hopes of a smile from his betrothed, as the reward of his quickness, Flora's absence was for the first time the subject of inquiry and comment. Even then, no great harm might have occurred, had not the lynx-eyed innocent aforesaid audibly declared that she knew where Miss Hastings and Lord Ulswater were lingering; that she had seen them in a lonely part of the ruins, beyond the chapel, half an hour earlier; and that when she and her young friends passed within earshot of the place five minutes since, they knew by the sound of Lord Ulswater's voice that the pair of truants were lingering in the same spot.

Had the child been the bad fairy of a pantomime, her words could hardly have produced a more directly malicious effect—not that poor Garry Wheatly meant anything more than to gain the glory of superior knowledge. But there was a something in the coupling together of Lord Ulswater's name with that of Miss Hastings, which fell upon everybody with the force of a revelation. There was an awkward silence: William Morgan, meekest of men, broke that silence by a half-articulate curse, which it may be the recording angel blotted out from the book of sins, as he did in the case of Uncle Toby's oath, and for which assuredly the ladies present forgave him.

"I will go and look for them—for her," he said hoarsely.

He shook off his frightened sister's grasp, as she tried to restrain him; but Mrs. Hastings came promptly forward. "Give me your arm, William," she said; "I will go with you. It is foolish of Flora to stay so late in the night-air. We ought all to go indoors." The veteran woman of the world could not help knowing that the hand she had placed on her elect son-in-law's arm trembled in a tell-tale fashion. She scented a ruinous quarrel afar off. Several of the party followed as hastily as good-breeding allowed; all inquisitive, some alarmed. Then came the explosion. It was impossible to explain away the palpable truth that Lord Ulswater had been discovered kneeling at Miss Flora's feet, or that his arm was encircling her waist, unreproved. The offenders were taken red-handed, and could look for no mercy.

"There was an awful row in the ruins;" so Chirper, passing through London, told another Eleusinian, also passing through London, when they met in the empty club. "Morgan was like a madman. He had come up on horseback from Shelton, and he had a riding-whip in his hand, and I give you my word, he was going to cut Ulswater across the face with it, only Gunnesley Fitzgeorge caught hold of him, and he and Macdirk got the whip from him. Then he raved, and wanted to shoot Carnac across a handkerchief; and then they say he'd have thrown himself over the cliff, if that poor little sister of his had not hung round his neck, crying. You never saw a chap so cut up. Carnac behaved very well. They slanged him awfully—Mrs. Hastings and some of the old women. He was quite pale and steady. He said that Miss Hastings had done him the honor to accept his proposal of marriage; and that he should hold to his word till she herself released him from it. He only regretted that the kick-up should have taken place at his own house; and apologized very humbly to the company for the unpleasant termination of all the fun, looking as proud as Lucifer all the time. You know Carnac's way—that grand manner of his?"

"And the girl?" asked the other Eleusinian. "How about Miss Flora?"

"Oh, they hustled her away, of course; put her shawls on, and took her off in the first carriage, under escort, like a criminal. She'll be tremendously bullied, I suppose. Mrs. Hastings and the old man are not likely to let such a catch as Fortunatus Morgan slip through their fingers, if they can keep him hanging on. It's on the cards that the young lady should be Mrs. M. yet, you know," observed Chirper.

His fellow-clubman chuckled. It would, he remarked, have been very amusing to have been at St. Pagans on that night. He should have liked to have seen the scattering of the good company which his friend described, every one eager to be off, and Ruth Morgan going with her brother, and refusing to be Lady Harriet's guest, or an inmate of Lord Ulswater's house, for even a single night: all of which details the man of Eleusis keenly enjoyed.

"I shouldn't wonder if Morgan—those fellows never take a thing quietly—were to parade Carnac—pistols and coffee over in France, you know; but those things always end now-a-days with one fellow's going to Paris, and the other party's refusing to come to the scratch. Anyhow, I told Ulswater, if he wanted me, I was his man; I'd come back from Scotland at once."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

### A Deep Snow in California.

A California paper gives a rather hard-to-believe story of the depth of the snow on the Sierra Nevada mountains in February and March, by describing the visit of a merchant named Adams from the valley to the mining town of Meadow Lake, on the top of the mountain:—He procured a pair of snow-shoes, and took the tracks of some who had gone over the day before. After some hours of hard travel he arrived where the town should be, but not a house was visible. While he was looking around, a man suddenly came up out of the snow, like a mermaid out of the sea. Adams asked the man if he could tell him where Meadow Lake was, not knowing as yet whether the object before him was a man or a spirit. "Why," said the fellow, "you are right on the plaza." Adams asked him if he could show him where the store of Adams & Johnson was. "Oh, yes! come along." A few shoves on a pair of snow-shoes soon brought them to a round hole in the snow, and Adams was told that that was the hole which led to the store. There were stairs made in the snow like a spiral way, twisting several times around the hole in making the descent. Finally he arrived at the bottom, and was astonished to find his friends there; happy and gay, and ready to vouch for the country being one of the richest ever discovered. From the store they travelled over the town through tunnels. Every one seemed to be contented with his lot. The citizens seldom go to the top of the snow, except when there is a snow-shoe race, at which time the whole town turns out.

### Good News for Lady Sucklings.

If it shall prove, as the Amoor ex Consul conjectures, that there are extensive deposits of elephants' tusks in our Russian bargain, we shall be able to draw from these a very valuable article of subsistence for the female population. A small piece of ivory goes a great way in this nutrition, and by placing it on the tip of a parasol it is reduced to great convenience. We observe women and girls sucking it on the street and when they meet each other, and whenever their mouths are not otherwise occupied. Their assiduous application to this succulence shows that it must contain valuable nutritive properties. And, besides it keeps up the innocent manners of infancy. We should judge, by the seeming satisfaction, that a supply of parasol tips is as good as a cow in a family. The race of elephants is fast disappearing. Hunting them for their ivory is very destructive; and large beings do not multiply with the facility of small. If we have secured a vast deposit of fossil ivory by the purchase of Kwitchpak—and certainly there is no reason why it should not be there, as everything else is that we want—we may hope that several rising female generations will be secured against this privation.

☞ SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—The seeds of grapes are very generally used in Germany as a substitute for coffee, and they make a very excellent substitute. When pressed, they yield a quantity of oil, and afterward, when boiled, furnish a liquid very similar to that produced by coffee. Its flavor is said to be delicious.

☞ A gentleman, now making the tour of Europe with his wife, says in a private letter:—"Tell L.'s lady friends that a small valise contains all the baggage we carry, having left our trunks in Paris." That gentleman's wife is a phenomenon.

☞ At the Anti-slavery Convention in Boston lately, Senator Wilson said "there was no more danger in speaking in the South than in any part of the North."

☞ It is well enough that man should be killed by love. Man, who is born of woman, should die of woman.

☞ The fearful cattle disease has broken out again in England, and with renewed virulence. Our stock dealers cannot be too careful in refusing all imported live stock from any quarter. A wholesale slaughter of animals alone suppressed this terrible plague last year, but it seems has not eradicated it.

☞ The surface of the moon, according to statements recently made by eminent astronomers in the French Academy of Sciences, has undergone a change. A crater well defined and perfectly well known to astronomers has disappeared within a year, and its place is now marked by a large white spot in the middle of a plain. This is said to be the first time that any change in the moon's surface has been noticed. Several astronomers agree in their reports of it.

☞ China has a population of 400 000 000 people, and her rulers govern an area of 4 088 000 square miles. An English journal says it is a curious reflection that if any one man of the military genius of Genghis Khan, or Tamerlane, or Alexander, or Napoleon should arise in China to reorganize and discipline her countless hosts, he might march his swarming legions with perfect impunity over all Europe.

☞ The latest improvement in horticulture is that of removing the stones from fruits by a process of gradual reduction, by extracting the pith from shoots and grafting them on stocks and their own branches for successive seasons. The experiment has been perfectly successful with the Malaga grape.

☞ A widow in Paris, aged forty-five, married a young man aged eighteen. By her first husband she had a son whose age at the time of her second marriage was twenty-one. She recently died and by her will left her fortune to her son and husband. As her husband was not of age, her son was appointed his guardian.

☞ AN OLIVE COMPLEXION.—The last instance of the denaturalizing despotism of fashion in Paris is the use by the ladies of Paris of a cosmetic to give their complexion an olive hue, blondes being voted out. The custom will hardly prevail here, where the aboriginal belles would have such a decided advantage.

☞ A Mrs. Adger is said to be the leader of fashion in London. She is a widow, and is described as a tall, handsome looking woman, with a profusion of light hair, and jet-black eyes. It is said that she never appears a second time in the same dress. She has received many offers of marriage, all of which she has "respectfully declined."

☞ BLUE MILK.—Mr. Snub perceived that the milk he was pouring into his coffee-cup was none of the richest; he said to his hostess, "Haven't you any milk that is more cheerful than this?" "What do you mean by that?" "Why, this milk seems overpowered by the blues."

☞ The New York Journal of Commerce estimates the yield of hay this year at 30,000 000 tons, as compared with 21 000,000 tons last year; of corn at 1 200 000 000 bushels, as compared with 868,000 000 bushels last year, and other crops in proportion.

### A BIRD IN THE HAND.

In the hand,—flattering fearfully,
Lonely and helpless,—poor little thing!
In the bush,—peeping out cheerfully,
Two together, gayly they sing.
Why is it best to have one in the hand?
Father, tell me,—I can't understand.

Best it is because you have hold of it;
Child, it is only a figure of speech!
Sunset shines, you look at the gold of it,
Knowing well it is out of your reach;
But the sixpence your godmother gave,
Yours it is, to spend or to save.

Ah, that sixpence! already I've done with it:
Never a penny with me will stay.
If I could buy but an inch of the sun with it,
I might look at it every day.
Father, the birds shall stay in their nest!
Things that we never can have are best.

### A Diplomatic Trick.

A very amusing anecdote circulates about the Emperor Napoleon and the Prussian Bavarian treaty. Six months ago the Emperor suspected what was going on, but could not obtain positive information. The Belgian Minister at Munich was charged to find out whether the suspected treaty with Baden, Bavaria, etc., really existed or not. The said minister learned sufficient to justify him in starting for Carlsruhe. Arrived there, goes at once to the Premier, and without preface of any sort asks, in a confidential way, to be shown the treaty agreed to by Prussia, Baden, etc., as he was desirous of reading the exact text in paragraph so and so, because he thought, etc. The Baden Premier, taken quite unwares, said he was really sorry he could not do so, as the treaty was a secret one; it was, therefore, impossible for him to show the paragraph in question. The other wished him good-morning, and laughing inwardly at the success of his boldness, was not long in leaving Carlsruhe behind him.

☞ A gentleman who assisted the Count de Cabra in putting on his armor before the battle, perceiving him tremble, asked what could cause this emotion in a man of such known bravery? The Count answered: "My flesh trembles at the danger into which my soul will lead it."

☞ It is told of a citizen of Bridgeport, Conn., that he lately refused an increase of wages to one of his servant girls, saying he considered the privileges she enjoyed of living in a Christian family worth five dollars a month!

☞ Embonpoint is the fashion in Paris now, and some of the most stylish ladies secure it by wearing false India rubber stomachs.

☞ The shoe-dealers of Lynn say that the Southern ladies wear boots cut very high in the instep, the ladies of California and the Western states require a broad, wide boot, while for the trade of the New England cities a very narrow, delicate shaped boot is demanded.

☞ Eight hundred men and women recently went on an excursion from Indianapolis to Cincinnati, to see the "Black Crook."

☞ Rev. Father Rupert has been made mitred Abbot in Minnesota. He is the third mitred Abbot in the United States.


# THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

## ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

## HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

## DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

## The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

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☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

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### What it Costs.

Bayard Taylor tells what a person must (or may) pay for living abroad. We quote his figures:—"The presumable expense of an American travelling in Europe, this year of the Exposition, may be thus gauged:—

1. For a very shrewd, careful, economical, single gentleman, an average of $4 per day.
2. For one moderately economical, yet with a taste for recreation, $6 per day.
3. For a luxurious person, $10 per day.
4. For the sons of Petroleum and Shoddy, $20 to $50 per day.

"The monthly expense of residence in Germany, Switzerland, or Italy:—

For the first class of persons, $30.
For the second class of persons, $60.
For the third class of persons, $100.
For the fourth class of persons—(impossible to state.)

"From these indications, those intending to come may, I think, easily make an estimate in advance which shall not vary more than twenty per cent. from the facts of their experience."

### He Didn't Recognize Her.

A few days since, a gentleman at Allentown, Pennsylvania, concluded to call on a lady of his acquaintance. He went, rang the bell, and when she made her appearance at the door, he did not recognize her in her kitchen attire. He asked if Miss ——— was at home. She very prudently accepted the situation, and informed him that she was in, and, after seating him in the parlor, retired, as she observed, to inform her of his presence. She went to her dressing-room, and after a thorough re-rigging, application of paints, powders, false curls, tiliers, etc., she presented herself a second time, when she was at once recognized.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—Artificial ivory is now being made in France, from a paste of *papier mache* and gelatin. Billiard balls formed of this material, though hardly a third of the price of those made from real ivory, are yet so durable and elastic that they can be thrown from the top of the house on to the pavement, or violently struck with a hammer, without injury. With this same paste, to which the name of Parisian marble is given, among many other things, the finest and most complicated molding for ceilings can be made, or capitals of columns can be constructed in any color so as to resemble the most valuable marbles.

QUITS.—A coroner's inquest was held in the interior of New Jersey, upon the body of a man who died from taking vegetable pills. On opening the body, the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead to its core from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient never drank. The jury rendered a verdict of "*quits*." "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed Coroner, "never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that if the cabbage killed the man, the man killed the cabbage, and if the that ain't quits, blow me!"

CHARMING AS THE NEWEST NOVEL.—"The new edition of Webster's Quarto Dictionary is a monument of literary labor, which will attract the attention of the learned, the world over. It is *as charming as the newest novel*. I turn over page after page, and know not when to close it. I hope that the day is not far distant, when every school in our State will have a copy."—*Saml. T. Bates, Dep. Sup't. Com. Schools of Penn.*

☞ It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible amount of it.

☞ The state, county and town debt of New York make an aggregate of $140,000,000, or about $35 to each man, woman and child.

☞ A chaplain of one of our penitentiaries missed a female hearer whose sentence had expired. In a few weeks he noticed her in her old place. "Why how came you back into prison again?" he asked. "Oh! sir," she replied, "I wanted to hear you preach so much I couldn't stay away."

☞ "Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to write better." "Ay, ay," returned the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

☞ The latest mode of wearing the hair in Paris is the unrestrained and flowing style. Several fashionable ladies have lately appeared at evening parties with their hair simply held by a small gold bandeau of antique form, set with precious stones.

☞ The Buffalo Commercial tells the story of a man from the country who called at a hardware store in that city, and, after being shown a large assortment of scissors, turned to the clerk, remarking, "My wife's putty sick, and it's 'bout an even thing if she gets any better; guess I'll wait and see if she gets well 'afore I buy my scissors."

☞ At the session of the Baptist General Association, recently held in Lynchburg, Virginia, one of the clergymen stated that in many parts of the country the negroes have manifested great interest about Africa; and in a recent interview with General O. O. Howard, he was assured that all colored people who may wish to go to Africa will be sent free of cost to any part of Liberia. The Freedmen's Bureau will send them to any part of the United States, and the Colonization Society will take them to Africa.

☞ No one, it is announced, has yet ascended the White Mountains this year. Parties report the snow twenty feet deep in many places on the road, while the general course of the road bed is beneath the snow.

☞ A committee of the Connecticut Legislature is taking testimony as to the probable damages that would result from bridging the Connecticut river at Middletown. One witness testified on Monday morning that one of the inducements held out to him to favor the enterprise was that land which he owns in Portland, and which is now *worthless*, will be worth *four times* as much when the road is built.

☞ One of the Magazines speaks of Mrs. Allen as "another of several claimants to the *paternity*" of "Rock Me to Sleep."

☞ A NEW NAME.—It has now become a custom, when a person wants a glass of ice water or a dish of ice cream, to say, "I'll take a small portion of Russian America."

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs are attracting much attention at the Paris Exposition. The correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, after alluding in very complimentary terms to the American pianos in the Exposition, continues:

"Nor is less artistic skill and taste displayed in the fine Cabinet Organs of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, which are acknowledged to excel whatever has yet been effected in the quality and sweetness of tones produced from reeds. The exhibition of these has been a great success, and has taken Parisian artists and builders quite by surprise, because they were in a great measure unprepared to find American mechanical genius developing itself so much upon objects relating to the *agreement* and luxury of life, as upon those which have regard only to profit and utility. The cases of these magnificent Cabinet Organs have also been extremely admired for their design and execution, in both of which respects they are allowed to rival the best productions of the Faubourg St. Antoine."

*From the American Agriculturist.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—*To queries.*—Before admitting their advertisement, we learned that a large number of our clerks and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without its being known who they were, and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and were all recommending their friends to the same course. As we have published the advertisement for many months, and received no complaints, we conclude "there is no humbug about the establishment."

☞ Church is the only American painter who received a prize at the Paris Exhibition, and his was of the second class.


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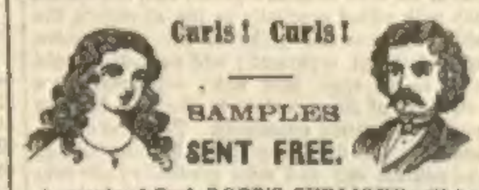


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WEALTH WITHOUT LABOR.—Mystic Art, Ventriloquism, Hidden Secrets, &c., 50c. New Wonderful Only 4 cts. Address J. B. W. HILTON, Williamsburg, New York. mar16-1tsow

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READ THIS!—A WONDERFUL BOOK, containing 300 pages, with Engravings, and 300 wonderful and mysterious secrets performed by all the wonderful showmen of the age, and full instructions for performing all the tricks as performed by the great witches and fortune-tellers of all countries. Instructions in Ventriloquism and Spirit Rappings and talk with the world of spirits. It teaches how to make old iron look like fine gold. It teaches by curing certain chemicals, to cause rain, thunder and lightning. With this book you can make a fortune. Sent, post-paid, for $1, or 6 for $5. J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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*Occupying the Block from Market to Minor Sts.*

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF

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*Prices for* SPRING *Surprisingly* LOW.

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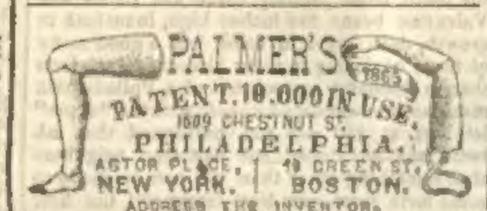


These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

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*Pamphlets*, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

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**628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.**

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

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nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

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To solicit orders in each town in the United States and Canada, for the most popular subscription book ever published, being

**THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,**

by John Kitto, D.D., F. S. A.; edited by the Rev. Alvan Hood, D.D., of Norwich, Conn. Over 700 closely printed Royal Octavo pages; more than 100 full page engravings. Recommended by the leading clergy of all denominations of Christians. 75,000 copies already printed. Six large power presses running on the work. Everybody wants it. Experienced Agents say they never knew a book sell so well. No competition. Experienced Agents, School Teachers, Sabbath-School Teachers, Retired Clergymen and others are wanted to introduce this Great Work into every household in the land. For Circulars, &c., apply immediately to the Publisher.

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$20,00 AGENTS WANTED.—$20.00.—Male and female, to introduce our NEW PATENT, STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It is adapted for family use and tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only TWENTY DOLLARS. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m

$18.00 A DAY.—Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. ONLY FIVE DOLLARS Capital required. Particulars free. Address W. A. RENDERSON & CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO. my25-3m

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

**Tea Company**

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

**TWO FULL CARGOES**

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**FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,**

**22,000 HALF CHESTS** by ship *Golden State*.
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In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 100c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
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UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

**Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.**

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

**GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, sizes, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are tricksters or imitators. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

**GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,**
**Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.**
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Post office Box, 5643 New York City. je22-1t

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
**SEWING MACHINES,**
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
**Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.**

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

**No. 3 Machine, with**

| | |
|---|---|
| Plain Table, | $65 |
| Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, | 68 |
| Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 84 |

**No. 2 Machine, with**

| | |
|---|---|
| Waxed Black Walnut Table, | $65 |
| Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, | 79 |
| Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 79 |
| Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 80 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 95 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, | 100 |
| Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 100 |

**No. 1 Machine, with**

| | |
|---|---|
| Polished Table, | $75 |
| Half Case, Oiled Walnut, | 89 |
| Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 89 |
| Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 94 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 105 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, | 110 |
| Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 110 |

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
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HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb2-6m Philadelphia.

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A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. *According to directions.* Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails.* Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. je1-3m

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**STUDENTS OF BOOK-KEEPING,**

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**BUSINESS MANUAL.**

Containing NEW AND RAPID METHODS of business calculations, as actually used by business men, some of which are now published for the first time; also FORMS OF BUSINESS PAPERS, with Explanations of their nature and use. USEFUL TABLES and much VALUABLE INFORMATION on business subjects, such as Agency; Indorsements, the different U. S. Bonds, Dealings with Banks, Detecting Counterfeits, Payments and Legal Tender, Book Accounts, the Stock Exchange, Brokers' Terms, Foreign Exchange and Importations, U. S. and Foreign Coins, Weights and Measures, Marking Goods, &c., &c. This is a book for every merchant, bondholder, banker and capitalist in the country, and should be in every counting house and in the hands of every young man preparing for business. It has been highly commended by eminent bankers, merchants, teachers and others. Handsomely bound, and well printed on good paper. Price $1.25. Will be sent, postage prepaid, to any address on receipt of price.

Address S. H. CRITTENDEN & CO.,
637 Chestnut St., Office of Crittenden's
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**MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.**

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One paper box for 20 cents will make 8 pounds first quality HARD SOAP, or, 175 pounds first quality SOFT SOAP.

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Full directions accompanying each box. Manufactured by

**PENNSYLVANIA SALT MANUFACTURING CO.,**
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The trade supplied at very low rates.

**FERGUSSON & SMITH, Brokers,**
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**PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD**

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS.—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MAIL TRAIN | 8.00 | A.M. |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 | 10.00 | " |
| FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS | 12.10 | P.M. |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2 | 1.00 | " |
| HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION, | 2.30 | " |
| LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION, | 4.00 | " |
| PARKESBURG TRAIN | 5.30 | " |
| WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN | 5.40 | " |
| CINCINNATI EXPRESS | 7.30 | " |
| ERIE MAIL | 7.30 | " |
| PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS | 11.15 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3 | 9.00 | " |

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CINCINNATI EXPRESS | 1.15 | A.M. |
| PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS | 7.10 | " |
| ERIE MAIL | 7.10 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 | 9.35 | " |
| PARKESBURG TRAIN | 9.30 | " |
| LANCASTER TRAIN | 12.45 | P.M. |
| FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS | 1.10 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2 | 4.10 | " |
| DAY EXPRESS | 6.50 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3 | 7.00 | " |
| HARRISBURG ACCOM. | 9.50 | " |

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*


WANTED.—To make an arrangement with a live man in every county, who wishes to make money, and can give good references. No capital required. Will sell a business now paying $1,500 per month, and rely on profits for my pay. Address J. C. TILTON,
je15-3t Pittsburgh, Penn.

**STRANGE, BUT TRUE.**

Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing T. F. WOOD,
jel-4t Box W, VERNON, New Jersey.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH sent for $1. Union Agency, Norwich, Conn. jel-4t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. jel 3m

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies, free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYHAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.
Book Agents wanted. mh30-6m

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### A Practical Joke.

On the shores of Canandaigua Lake, New York, there is a lunatic asylum kept by Dr. Cook, who also receives many inebriates. The Sentinel of Freedom tells the following as having occurred at the asylum:

One morning, three years since, Cook entered the breakfast-room, where some convalescents from insanity and a number of reforming inebriates were chatting coolly over their eggs and coffee, and told them to be in readiness for visitors, as a "Teacher's Institute" would be up from the town during the morning to study the treatment of the insane. As the doctor left the room, an inebriate, whom we will call Smith, said—

"Now Cook will come in here with a long string of pedagogues and schoolm'ams behind him, and tell them that we are perfectly harmless, and that they will not see any dangerous patients. I'll show him to the contrary."

Smith had been in the service of the Northwest Fur Company, and when the doctor came in with his teachers and made the expected assurance of safety, Smith, who was watching from a crevice of his door, dashed out of his room clad in complete Indian costume, face painted, hair flying and tomahawk in hand, giving a tremendous war whoop as he plunged at the head man of the "Institute." The scene was indescribable. The teachers went flying out of the doors and windows, Smith chasing them through the grounds, the poor doctor half mad at the annoyance and half killed with laughter, and the breakfast-table party, who were in the secret, all in convulsions of delight. Explanation was impossible. The doctor bore his sorrows like a man; the "Institute" passed resolutions of censure; and the jolly Smith rejoiced in the success of his practical joke, calling it the best spree of his lifetime. But we hope nobody will go to an inebriate asylum for the fun of it.

### H-e-r-e We Come.

There was a wedding in a church in a village near Chicago, recently, which was attended by a crowd of people, the bride being a famous belle in this section, and the bridegroom a late army officer. There is a story about him that was revived with great effect at the wedding. He was in the western frontier service, and one day (so the story goes) he went out to hunt a bear. He had been away from camp a few hours, when his voice was heard faintly in the distance exclaiming—

"*H e r-e we come!*"

In a little time the same cry was heard again, but nearer; then it was repeated at intervals, nearer and louder; when finally the bold captain emerged from a bit of woods near the camp, running at the top of his speed, without a coat, hat or gun. In he came to camp shouting, "Here we come!"

"Here who comes?" inquired a brother officer.

"Why, me and the game," gasped the officer, pointing to a big bear who showed himself at the edge of the woods, took a look at the camp, and then, with a growl at missing his expected meal off the captain, disappeared in the woods again.

"But why didn't you shoot the bear, and then bring him in?" inquired one.

"What's the use in shooting your game?" said the captain, testily, "when you can bring it in alive, as I did?"

The story got home before the captain did, and was in everybody's mouth. The other night, as the bold captain led his intended bride into the church with the pride and grace so readily inspired by the occasion, some wicked wag sang out from the gallery—

"*H e r e we come!*"

Which was followed by such a shout of laughter as that old church never heard before.

### The Stolen Watch.

One of the best stories we remember referring to a stolen watch comes from a French source. In the pit of the old French opera, one of the audience suddenly discovered that his watch was *gone*. The evening's entertainment had not commenced, and the owner of the property mounted a bench, stated the loss, which could not have occurred above two or three minutes, and begged those around him to remain perfectly quiet, as his watch struck the hours like a clock, and, it then being on the stroke of seven, the watch would speedily indicate into whose possession it had fallen. There was a dead silence; but the eye of the proprietor detected an individual who was trying to edge away from the vicinity, and he immediately denounced the skulker as the thief. The latter was seized, and the watch was found upon him; and as the owner quietly put it into his pocket, he remarked, "The watch does *not* strike the hours, but I thought my assertion that it *did* would enable me to strike out the thief."

"Does your watch go well?" asked a bystander of the happy owner.

"It both goes well and returns well," replied the latter.

### Where He Was.

In the campaign of '60 two politicians of opposite opinions were engaged in the discussion of questions which soon resulted in the abuse of prominent men connected with their respective parties.

"Where was General Jackson during the battle of New Orleans?" indignantly inquired the man of the Opposition—"where? why down behind the—"

"Where was General Jackson?" interrupted the Democrat; "you want to know? I can tell you where he was. He was running round the field kicking the lighted matches out of the bomb-shells as they fell among the soldiers! *There's* where General Jackson was during the battle of New Orleans!"

We give this as a noble example to our brigadier-generals who are not fully posted in the art of war.

MODERN MATRIMONY.—George Francis Train says our modern marriage service should be read thus:—"Clergyman—Will you take this brown stone, this carriage and span, these diamonds, for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectation accomplishments and feeble constitution, for thy wedded wife? Yes. Then, what man has joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder."

☞ A wealthy widow, advertising for an agent, was overwhelmed with applications, as the types by mistake had it "a gent."

CONDOLENCE.

FRIEND.—"To be married in a month? Well, old fellow, you mustn't allow yourself to get low about it, though I know what it is—dooced depressing idea!"

AN APT TEXT.—A clergyman, celebrated for the choice of apt texts, fell in company with some of his brethren, who employed a brief time before the public service was to commence, in the use of the pipe. Some allusion being made to his text-choosing tact, he was challenged to find a suitable passage for a sermon *against the use of the pipe*. He said nothing, but they acknowledged themselves beaten when in a few minutes he ascended the pulpit and gave out for his text these words from Psalm cxix. 83: "For I am become like a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget thy statutes."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

KNOWING BEANS.

An essay upon the intelligence of the plant is by no means the intention; but putting by for the time all plurality, I presume to declare positively that I "know beans." I have learned much respecting their qualities, habits, characteristics, and requirements, by many experiments made within these six years last past. Many years previously I had known something of the general good character of beans—for a long time, that next to peas, they are the most nutritious vegetable our North American soil produces—that properly cooked they are palatable and wholesome food, both for humanity and animals—that for ourselves, a pint of prime beans, prepared correctly, will afford more real muscular, man-making material than two pounds of the best beef steak ever cut and cooked. I have known these thirty odd years that throughout the "Empire," and all the New England states, bean soup and baked beans are admirable institutions, while going southward from New York, in almost all instances, bad imitations of western and "down east" bean dishes are utter abominations—some pleasant exceptions to the universal rule, however. I do know *one* Philadelphia woman, a capital cook in all other directions, but lately initiated in the eastern economy of bean-cooking, who will so bake beans and make them into soup that any man or woman not born a barbarian, and bred a savage, would accept bean soup and baked beans at her table every day consecutively the year round with undiminished appetite, and the veriest wretch of a dyspeptic alive might partake of them with profit.

Furthermore, I have long since learned that beans may be successfully grown, and made a profitable farm or garden crop in every state, county, and nearly every neighborhood within the limits of the United States. But there are some peculiarities and specialities of bean culture that I have but lately learned through practical experience, and being desirous that all my friends shall "know beans" as well as myself, I shall communicate to, and Pour so many as I can reach, a few bean facts that heeded and acted upon will prove of important service.

Where the cold backwardness of the spring season has, or shall in future prevent putting in the full intended breadth of usual crops, beans may be planted and made to pay quite as well as any other field crop. I have this season been planting beans every two or three days since the 28th of May, and shall continue to plant till perhaps the 10th of July—not for market purposes, but for a standard crop and winter stock. The Red-eyed China and Early Valentine for bush sorts, and the speckled Horticultural as a climber may be planted any time previous to the 10th of July, and on any warm, quick soil, will, with good culture, mature in capital condition before fall frosts, producing a larger yield than those of earlier planting generally.

Three years ago, I observed some late planted "horticulturals" near a lattice fence discard the poles set for them and take to the laths for support. Taking the hint I said:—"Ah, I'll humor that proclivity in future and save myself the trouble and expense of bean poles." So the next season this sort was planted in a single row—hills about twenty inches apart, close to the fence, and there was a perfect and very pretty "Horticultural" arbor two hundred yards in extent, and many more good beans than I had ever seen produced by an equal number of vines anywhere. Last year the experiment was repeated with results equally satisfactory, and this season—to-morrow—June 11th, nothing occurring to prevent, there will be planted a row of horticultural beans close to a lattice fence, enclosing an area of one by two hundred feet. I expect to harvest from this proposed line, besides the green material we shall consume, *eight bushels* of best, bright beans. In any event if the beans and I live till harvest time I shall report results faithfully.

I have this year a patch of China Red-eyes, and Early Valentines, planted in what all "outside barbarians" call *Jersey sand*—new ground. First crop, and I was warned by every other farmer who passed:—"Look here—you can't make no beans nor nuthin' grow in this ere new sile. We allers sow rye fust, 'fore we kin make truck grow."

"Yes—but don't you see, our folks don't know how to eat green rye? so I am going to try and get vegetables out of this new land."

"Wal, now, ye needn't try it. We can't never do it; n' you can't, no more 'n us."

We have tried nevertheless, and this day—the tenth from planting, there are China and Valentine beans five inches high, luxuriant in growth, dark green in color, and a good many of them beginning to show blossom sets. Less than a spoonful to each hill of a Philadelphia manufactured *animal phosphate*, with the "super" left out, at $30 per ton, performed that miracle and convinced our doubting neighbors that something other than rye can be made to come forth from new New Jersey soil the first season.

Diagonally crossing my bean patch runs the bed of an old Jersey road, travelled, I am told, ever since the inauguration of the glass enterprise in South Jersey, and exhibiting only clean, sharp sand, naturally as free from all fertilizing properties as that of the ocean beach. And yet the bed of this same old road has beans growing in it quite equal in all points to the best in the patch, showing pretty plainly three important things—First, that there is virtue in *Jersey sand*, secondly, that this cheap animal phosphate is an active and quick agent of fertility, and thirdly, that the bean draws its food supplies mainly from the atmosphere, and is consequently rather a fertilizer itself than an exhauster of the soil.

On the whole, taking past and present experience as the basis of an opinion, I shall advise all who by stress of weather or press of other work have failed to plant the intended breadth with other crops, to put in early sorts of beans always up to the 10th of July.

HAY MAKING.

There is annually so much good grass mercilessly manslaughtered in making it into hay, that it becomes the duty of every publisher, editor and agricultural writer in the land, happening to have a better practical knowledge of hay making, to begin with the haying season preaching as earnestly as they can at every opportunity better principles, until a radical reform in much of our hay making practice shall have been achieved.

As clover usually comes first in the routine of haying, and the season for putting mowers afield is close at hand, let us bear in mind that the best standing condition of clover is when the plant itself is fully developed and the heads in full, but early bloom, before any considerable proportion of them have assumed the slightest tinge of brown. Then, instead of being roasted, broiled and baked in the scorching sun until it is as black as Japan tea, as is too frequently the case with clover hay, the best plan is to cut after the dew is off in the morning, cure, spread, or in the swath as much as can be done in five or six hours of clear, drying weather, then twenty-four hours more in small cocks, sheltering from dew and rain, and haul in and put away with the leaves still green, wilted but not in the least crisped or blackened by the sun.

The other grasses are best cut when the stalks and foliage have attained full growth and the seeds are entirely developed, but still in a milky state. Like clover, they should be cocked after a few hours' sun curing, finished off in the cock, cured but not in the least crisped, and hauled in while still green in color, elastic and possessed of all the inviting aroma of "new mown hay." If the foundation of bays and stacks are made well up clear of the ground, affording full and free ventilation underneath, and then in stacking or mowing away a layer of clean, dry straw, say six inches in depth, is placed every two feet between the courses of hay, there will be no danger of clover or any other kind of grass heating, moulding or rotting, though put away a great deal greener than is the general practice, and infinitely better hay will be the result.

WINTER CABBAGES.

The advice of newspapers and all other people, whether agricultural or otherwise, to put plants for winter cabbages afield before or by the fifteenth of June, is unwise and injudicious. Cabbages set thus early will generally make head too soon. Our seed for Flat Dutch, Late Drumhead and Red Dutch was put into the seed bed May third, and will be transplanted by the fifteenth of July. That is quite early enough to answer our purpose for making first class winter cabbages down here in South Jersey. In slower soils and shorter seasons than ours, planting out may be done ten or fifteen days earlier.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——There are strawberry trains running on the South and West Jersey railroads. In one day, one of the new fruit lands shipped to market thirty thousand quarts of prime strawberries.

——Abortion among cows in the Empire State is still provokingly prevalent, and puzzling everybody as much as ever—cause and cure seeming to be alike a hidden mystery.

——A quicker, surer, and ten times cheaper cure for consumption, liver complaint, bronchitis, dyspepsia and general prostration of the nervous system than all the quack nostrums in creation, the air and water of Atco, N. J., on the Camden and Atlantic railroad, eighteen miles from Philadelphia. Try two months of Atco House and be cured.

——Full one-ninth of all the horned stock, horses and sheep throughout the entire region of the Great West, Texas and Northwest States and Territories, has been lost from want of food, shelter, and such forecast, industry and economy as would have saved nine-tenths of the loss. Will it be a dead-list lesson to proprietors of western stock, inducing better food, shelter and care? Perhaps.

——Bostonians pay about $5,000 per day for milk and an equal amount every day for chalk, "Cochituate," whiting and other adulterative abominations. If the modern Athenians would penitentiary two-thirds of their poisoners, there would be a healthier "Hub," and infinitely fewer infant funerals.

——On the great island of Kodiak, outlying our new Russian L. S. (Place of the Seal) they produce in abundance the finest peas in the world. We have fine rows, 100 feet long, of the "Kodiaks," in, up, and rising in the world rapidly.

## RECEIPTS.

GOOD LEMONADE.—Cut up some rhubarb and steam it. When soft, mash to a pulp and add water; strain through a jelly bag into a pitcher, sweeten to taste and squeeze in the juice of a lemon. One lemon to a quart of juice will make lemonade; for rhubarb takes all flavors, but gives none.

RYE FLAPPERS.—A pint of corn meal and a teaspoon of salt in a large bowl. Pour over boiling water from the kettle, and stir hard until it is smooth. Thin it with milk, and add gradually a pint of rye meal, beating it well. The batter should be as thin as it is possible to turn the cakes—put on the griddle by the tablespoonful. These are as light, rich and delicate as if made with eggs, and are much more wholesome and economical.

FINE RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put a sufficient quantity of ripe raspberries into a large wooden or stone vessel, and pour on as much of the best genuine white wine vinegar as will cover them well. Cover the vessel, and let it stand undisturbed during twenty-four hours, or longer if the juice is not entirely extracted; when it is, the raspberries will look whitish and shrunk; you must on no account bruise or stir them. Then strain the whole liquid through a large hair sieve placed over a broad stone pan; let the juice run through of itself, without any mashing or squeezing, the least pressing will cause the liquid, when finished, to look cloudy and dull. Have ready, in another vessel, the same quantity of fresh raspberries that you put in at first, and pour the strained liquid over them; cover it, and let it again stand undisturbed for twenty-four hours or more, then again pass it through a sieve without any squeezing. A third time pour the liquid over the original quantity of fresh raspberries in another vessel, and let it stand untouched during twenty-four hours. Afterwards measure the liquid, and to every pint allow a pound of the best double-refined loaf-sugar broken small. Put the whole into a large preserving kettle, and boil and skim it about twenty minutes. Then pour it into a clean stone vessel, and set it to cool. Cover it and let it stand all night. Next day transfer it to bottles, which must be perfectly dry and clean. Cork them closely, and seal the corks. It will keep for years if made exactly according to the above directions. To use it as a beverage, put a large wineglass of the raspberry vinegar into a tumbler, and fill it up with ice-water. Mixed with hot water, and drank as warm as possible immediately on going to bed, it is an excellent palliative for a cold, and, by producing a perspiration, will sometimes effect a cure.

GERMAN CHOCOLATE.—Four large tablespoonfuls of the best chocolate grated fine, two quarts rich milk added gradually to the chocolate, the whites of four and yolks of two eggs beaten light, but not separated; add one gill of cold milk to the eggs, beat well; add gradually a coffee-cup of the chocolate to the milk and egg while hot, beating constantly. Take the chocolate from the fire, keep it hot but not boiling, and add the egg and milk gradually; stir constantly, or it will curdle; flavor with nutmeg, vanilla, or cinnamon, as desired; sugar it to suit the taste. The Germans use no sugar. The egg is to be added just before serving. This makes a very delicious drink. Serve in chocolate bowls.

WHIPPED CREAM.—Put some good cream into a pan, with a sufficient quantity of powdered lump sugar to sweeten it to your palate; add a pinch of powdered gum tragacanth, and a little orange flower water; whip the whole well up with a clean whisp. Add eggs and wine, or use some perfume, such as musk or ambergris, or impart a flavor by dropping in a few drops of the essence of lemon or orange. The peel of either may be used and bruised to a pulp, or a small portion of pith of orange peel.

FANCY JELLIES FOR PARTIES.—Dissolve one ounce of shred isinglass in as little water as possible; mix it with strawberry syrup, or any other fruit syrup, and strain it into moulds; set it on ice if made in the summer, or in a cool place for winter; a pyramid is beautiful on a table.

TEA CAKE.—A quart of flour, one pint of sour cream, a teaspoonful of saleratus, two cups of molasses, a little cinnamon and salt; make it a stiff paste and bake.

A cotemporary gives the following:

TO CURE A FELON.—To cure a felon, wrap the part affected with a cloth thoroughly saturated with the tincture of lobelia, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 10, 5, 16, is to scoff.
My 12, 3, 13, 14, 5, 9, is method.
My 9, 5, 3, 4, 10, 11, is a dealer in silks.
My 2, 16, 6, 10, 8, is to command.
My 7, 6, 15, 16, is a perfume.
My 12, 14, 7, 16, 17, is a tale.
My whole is interesting to every reader of the Post.

CLARA.

### Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With echo thro' the lonely vault,
In shadows on the sea,
Where lofty mountains upward rise,
There will my dwelling be.
In coral groves where mermaids sleep—
When the dread simoon blows—
In shaded forest lone and deep,
And 'mid eternal snows;
Listen, and ye will hear my voice,
And mark me circled fair,
Bound fast within the torrid zone,
Or in the snow wreathed air.
I have a niche in every home,
And wander thro' the hours;
Smile o'er the cot where baby sleeps,
And nestle in the flowers.
I haunt the saddened earthly tomb,
Shine in the verdant sod,
Cling close to love unchanging here,
And rise all blest with God!

*Baltimore, Md.* EMILY.

### Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A narcotic.
A gulf in Russia.
A large island.
A stinging plant.
A girl's name.
A piece of furniture.
An egg.

The initials and finals form the names of two rivers in South America.

WM. H. MORROW.

### Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person puts his hand into a bag containing 20 apples, and takes out a number of them at random. Required—the probability that an odd number of apples is taken from the bag.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A going at the rate of 10 miles per day, B 12, C 16, D 24, and E 30, all commence on the first day of January, circumambulating in the same direction, an island 56 miles in circumference. On what day of the month will all meet?

WM. H. MORROW.

*Irwin Station, Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three hollow metal balls, 1, 2, and 3 feet in diameter respectively, and shells three inches thick, are melted into a cube. What is the length of the side of this cube?

W. F. L. SANDERS.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed? Ans.—Because her hands are where her feet belong.

☞ Why is a man that fails in kissing a lady like a shipwrecked fisherman? Ans.—Because he has lost his *smack*.

☞ Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Ans.—Because it makes the cargo.

☞ Why are fowls the most economical stock for farmers? Ans.—Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

☞ When is a literary work like smoke? Ans.—When it comes in volumes.

☞ When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? Ans.—When it has a little Indian in it.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Bread. ENIGMA—"Nothing is beautiful but the truth." REBUS—The Paris Exposition (Thorite, Halibut, Emir, petronel, atabal, Ramadan, Ibex, sycamore, eriometer, Xebec, pulkha, oke, Sabian, ibis, Tennis, Idocrase, Omber, Nard.)

### Abraham and Sarah.

The Talmudists relate that Abraham, in travelling to Egypt, brought with him a chest. At the custom-house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would readily have paid them, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duties for clothes, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold. Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspect it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls—in short, he consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest; and, behold, as soon as the chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt—it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her up in this chest.

☞ Dr. Johnson, being once asked whether he was in the habit of saying nee-ther or ni-ther, very laconically replied, "nay-ther." We may add, however, that the weight of authority is decidedly on the side of nee-ther.

☞ A nervous divine, who was but a so-and-so preacher, being called upon accidentally for a sermon, asked a friend what he should preach about, to which the other replied, "About five minutes."